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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE centre of gravity of the war has now swung over, at least temporarily, to the East. The Russian advance still makes headway, and has already almost completely achieved its objective on one section of the front. Brussiloff is aiming at a decision, and his method is to turn the right and left flanks of the Austrian armies. The right flank will be uncovered as soon as the Bukovina is in Russian hands; and that seems to be assured in the immediate future. The left flank is no more than seriously threatened at present. A decision cannot be achieved unless the blow towards Lemberg is pressed home with accelerated swiftness. But under the threat the whole of the line south of the Pripet Marshes may be forced back, and the enemy is losing what he can least spare—men, while Russia is gaining what she most needs—stores and munitions. The Austrian losses already have been so great that reinforcements are being drawn from other areas, and such a process, if prolonged, will give the Allies in the West the chance to urge their offensive under the best conditions. Verdun and Venetia have done their work, and the Germans and Austrians are suffering in the East for their gamble in the West and South.

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WHILE the Russian Staff are seeking to envelop a part of the Austrian armies, their immediate objective resolves itself into three thrusts, one towards Kolomea, a second towards Lemberg, and a third towards Kovel. The first has been the most successful during the last week. The Bukovina, which lies between the Carpathians and Rumania, is virtually commanded by the

Czernowitz-Kolomea railway, and when the line was cut between the two points, it became almost certain that both would fall. The position of Czernowitz enabled the Austrians to hold the city until Saturday. To the east and north, the ground was under observation from the higher country to the west. General Letchitsky attempted to take the whole of Pflanzers army with the city. But the Austrians held their positions with the greatest tenacity, and, when they saw that the city must be abandoned, left a battalion to hold the bridge-head and fell back. The defenders were all captured, apparently; but Pflanzers, with the remains of his army, fell back southwards towards the Borgo Pass. He had already lost 20,000 in prisoners captured, and he can have taken with him at most half of the army that was in the field three weeks ago.

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THE Bukovina is now being rapidly cleared. Czernowitz, the capital, has changed hands several times during the war, and as it is the railway centre of the country, it has a distinct military value. Kolomea, upon which the right of Letchitsky's army is advancing, is of far higher importance. The main avenue from Hungary to Southern Galicia passes through either Delatyn or Kolomea, and once the latter is taken, the former is almost certain to fall. With the capture of Kolomea, the immediate objective of the left wing of Brussiloff's command will be achieved. It is difficult to see how Bothmer will be able to stand in the centre with a Russian army advancing upon his open flank.

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THE position of the Austrian centre is most interesting. Of the two general military operations by which an army may achieve a decision against its enemy, one is to turn the flanks and the other to pierce the centre. Each operation means the holding upon some sectors and the thrusting at others. The Austrian army which Brussiloff is attempting to envelop by turning the flanks is endeavoring to retort by threatening the Russian centre. This is the meaning of Bothmer's stand from about Tarnopol to Buczac. He is standing there merely because he is held, and the success of Brussiloff's strategy depends upon holding him there while the strong Russian forces strike round towards his rear. So far there has been little change upon this section of the front. Bothmer has made no headway, but he has not given ground seriously except west of Buczac. But this is the best supplied section of the Austrian front, and the chances of achieving a decision in such circumstances are remote. Bothmer will hold until the critical point is in sight, and then probably fall back rapidly along the numerous railways towards the West. The chances of cutting him off do not depend upon reaching any given point such as Lemberg; but upon reaching it in a short space of time.

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BOTHMER's right flank is immediately threatened by the thrust towards Kolomea. His left is threatened less directly and immediately by the converging movement on Lemberg. But if Lemberg were taken, a considerable readjustment in the Austrian front would be necessitated; and if it were taken within a few days, at least

part of Bothmer's army would be captured. The northern part of the Austrian line was torn open over a distance of between eighty and ninety miles, and it has been driven forward to form a huge salient, the apex of which is about fifty miles from the Russian front of three weeks ago. The threat to Lemberg comes from the southern side of the salient. A road from Lutzk joins the railway at Stojanov, which runs south and a little west to Lemberg. Stojanov is just inside the Galician frontier, and the Russians are now just outside it. On the main Dubno-Lemberg line the Russians are approaching Brody. Upon each line of advance the Austrians are making a vigorous resistance.

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THE northern side of the salient looks towards Kovel, one of the most important railway junctions near the sphere of fighting. It is, moreover, the junction through which reinforcements can reach the area south of the Pripet marshes, and, if it were taken, would necessitate a readjustment of the Austrian line. It need not be a great readjustment; but its effect would be immediately felt in Galicia. At present the enemy is simply withdrawing his flank in this direction, and the chances of a real division between the Austrians and the Germans north of the Pripet seem remote. The Austrians have made several counter-attacks in an attempt to cut across the neck of the Russian salient towards Kolki. But the Russians have repulsed every attempt successfully, and are pressing their advance towards Kovel.

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THE final standard by which must be measured each of these thrusts and counter-thrusts that make up the great Russian offensive, is the enemy resources yet available. Nearly 180,000 prisoners have been taken, and the total casualty list cannot be far short of 400,000. How can such losses be made good? Upon this point, which is the most important of all, we have very little evidence. Yet the atmosphere of the Russian offensive suggests an approaching exhaustion of the enemy. Numbers of Germans of the 1917 class are now appearing among the prisoners captured in the West. The Austrians are faced with the difficulty of withdrawing from the positions they have attained in Venetia, if they are to reinforce their shaken armies in Galicia. But if they cannot send reinforcements, the situation can only be relieved by a successful counter-stroke by Hindenburg—and there is no sign of this as yet—or by withdrawing necessary men from the Western Front. When this is really in train, the hour of the British and French will strike.

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THE situation in Greece has declared itself. The Skouloudis Cabinet has resigned, after the hurried adoption by the Boulé of six months' credits, which will enable the unconstitutional king to carry on for some time without a Parliament. M. Zaimis, a sober veteran of finance, who is really neutral and not pro-German in his views, succeeded to the troubled position of Premier, obviously as a Minister of surrender. No sooner was he installed than he accepted the Entente's demand, which included the demobilization of the Army, the formation of a Cabinet pledged to benevolent neutrality and to constitutional government, and the dismissal of the German police agents. The Allies therefore have won. Demobilization has a purely military significance, and it can be justified by the necessities of the position in Salonika, and the very equivocal attitude of the Greek High Command towards Bulgaria.

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BUT the further suggestion that we should force King

Constantine to hold new elections proposed a political interference inconsistent with the status of Greece as an independent State. The argument that the Allies are the "protecting Powers" of Greece, because they created its independence and recognized its choice of a dynasty, seems to us to overstate the legal case for interference. It is practically a claim of Suzerainty, and it would never be advanced, *e.g.*, as regards Belgium, which we guaranteed in a more real sense than Greece. It is said that King Constantine has violated the Constitution. This is probably the case. But it is the recent Venezelist Constitution which has suffered, an instrument with which no foreign Power had any concern. Let us beware of the "we conquer but to save" attitude, which led our fathers badly astray in the Danish case. We have now got everything that we want.

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THE news of the successful Arab revolt in and around Mecca is of much more than military importance. If the Arabs can continue to maintain the independence which they have proclaimed, the question of the Caliphate is automatically solved. Moslem doctors are divided into many schools in their traditions of what the Caliphate exactly implies. But all would agree that the prime function of the Caliph is to defend the Holy Cities and to keep them open to pilgrims. If the Ottoman Sultan's arm, in spite of the railway to Medina, no longer stretches to Mecca, he has ceased in any real sense to be Caliph, and the Shereef of Mecca, if he can hold his own against Turks and rival tribes alike, must apparently inherit his office. There has always been some exaggeration, both among anti-Turkish alarmists who wanted us to destroy the Sultan, and among pro-Turks who wanted us to court him, of the reality of his religious authority outside Turkey. It has in this war availed him nothing. So long as he was an independent sovereign, it had some meaning. He destroyed it himself when he became a German vassal. Morally, the Caliphate was ruined when the "Goeben" entered the Straits. If we desire to draw benefit from a friendly Arabian Caliphate we must observe great discretion, lest it be said in turn of him also that he is a puppet of a Christian Empire. The policing of Arabia would be a costly obligation.

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Two curious and important documents have recently come from Germany. The first is Harden's famous article in the "Zukunft" entitled "War in Peace." Harden is not now in power in German journalism, but he is still its most brilliant exponent. His article is (1) a general endorsement of the British plea that Sir Edward Grey entered the war ("the worst abomination of desolation that Satan could invent") reluctantly, without the idea of conquest, and with the resolve to end it as soon as Germany relinquished her "dream of world-conquest"; and (2) an appeal to his country (and directly to the Chancellor) to finish with an agreement to set up an International Convention on Armaments and Defence. The second is the demand of the "Vorwärts" to substitute an arbitration scheme for a decision by arms. This is really a "stop-the-war-policy." If we are rightly informed, it corresponds to a general feeling in Germany, not merely of sickness with the war, but of readiness to make peace on the basis of withdrawals from France and Flanders. This is something positive; and we hope our statesmen have their eyes on it.

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THOUGH the Resolutions of the Allied Economic Conference commit only the two members of the British

Cabinet who attended it, they are none the less of the first importance, since they define for public opinion here, abroad, and in the enemy countries what the policy of the Entente is likely to be at and after the settlement. Even if we suppose that some of the Free Traders in the Cabinet mean to resist, as possibly they do, the more extreme of these proposals, the fact remains that they have allowed to go out to the world on behalf of the Entente a document which proposes an extreme and punitive policy of Protection. The first chapter defines measures, most of which are already in existence, for tightening the embargo on enemy trade. These are not controversial, save perhaps the proposals to sequester permanently the business of enemy subjects in Allied countries, and to publish a black list of firms (presumably in neutral countries) partly under enemy control or influence, with which Allied subjects are to be forbidden to trade. We do not see the Foreign Office issuing such a list of American firms. Nor will there be any controversy in principle over the proposal that during the period of recuperation the territories devastated by the enemy shall have a "prior claim" on the economic resources of the Allies.

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THE most seriously controversial portion of the programme are the proposals for the transition period after the war, which is referred to as a period of some years in duration. They amount in practice, though not in theory, to a virtual prohibition of all trade with the enemy, and the means of preventing trade are multiplied in a way that suggests panic. First, all the Allies are to refuse "most favored nation" treatment to all the enemy countries—a policy which silently assumes our adoption of a general tariff. Secondly, the Allies are to "conserve their natural resources" for each others' use, which means presumably that the export of raw material, colonial produce, coal, minerals, and grain will be prohibited to enemy countries or penalized by export duties—a sure way of destroying some important German industries. Under the head of "dumping," other prohibitions or "effective" restrictions are proposed, and, finally, enemy shipping is to be subjected to special conditions, and enemy subjects forbidden to exercise certain industries or professions. It means, in short, a return for some years to the economics of the eighteenth century, and it must involve a refusal of any advance towards a League of Peace.

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THE permanent proposals are outlined in vaguer terms, and some of them show a trace of a more liberal hand. Thus, stress is laid on the encouragement of technical research, on the improvement of communications and postal facilities, the assimilation of patent laws, and on subsidies as an alternative to tariffs, and the more drastic measures are now mentioned only as optional alternatives. There is also no suggestion of permanent preferences to Allies in their tariffs. None the less our present enemies are still assumed to be permanently our enemies, and the economic ideal is one of "independence." Free Traders aim rather at international interdependence. Protectionists, if they can gain five years in which to commit us to their policy, need hardly trouble now to legislate for the remote future. It is doubtful whether Russia adheres to this policy, for her delegates did not attend the Conference.

* * *

THE first step in realizing the most controversial part of this Paris programme has meantime been taken, and without the authority of Parliament. A Committee,

consisting chiefly of permanent officials and merchants, has reported to the Colonial Office on the trade of the West African Colonies in palm-kernels, and Mr. Bonar Law has directed the Colonies concerned to impose forthwith, and for five years after the war, an export duty of £2 a ton on all kernels exported to foreign countries. The Committee believes that this duty will be prohibitive, and will result in destroying the German manufacture of palm-oil, a basis of margarine, oil-cake, and soap. If this result does not follow, Mr. Law directs that the duty shall be raised. In a minority report, Mr. Wiles, apparently the only Free Trader on the Committee, urges that there is no need for haste, that Parliament ought to be consulted, that the duty is unnecessary for the purpose of fostering British manufacture, since mills had already been erected in this country before the war, and that natives and consumers will alike suffer from combination among the few British firms concerned, and from the inevitable disappearance of German ships in the African ports. This is a return to the theory of Colonial policy prevalent before the American War of Independence. If it is followed in regard to other natural resources, *e.g.*, tin, it means that our Colonial Empire will be used, by the withholding of raw materials, to impose a "strangle-hold" on German and, apparently, on all foreign industry. When this is understood in the United States we must expect sharp comments on the new trend of our Imperialism.

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THE Government have at length taken official notice of the increase in food prices during the war, and have appointed an influential committee to investigate the principal causes. The Chairman of the Committee is the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P., and Mrs. Pember Reeves and Professor Ashley are among its members. So far the Committee has not met, but it will have an extremely complicated question to deal with. British meat, and potatoes, flour, bread, and cheese have risen from 50 to 60 per cent., and the prices of several commodities have increased very rapidly during the last few weeks. The Board of Trade's general estimate of the increase is 59 per cent., and such a figure makes it quite clear that the Committee has not been appointed before it was necessary. The demands of the Allied armies and the decrease in the importation of many food-stuffs have been largely responsible for the increases. But these causes alone cannot account for the actual shortage that exists in some districts, and we hope that the Committee will countenance no delay in dealing with the question.

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GENERAL VON MOLTKE died suddenly on Sunday, while attending a memorial service in Berlin to the late Field Marshal von der Goltz. For a few months at the beginning of the war, von Moltke occupied the centre of the world's stage. A nephew of the great general who achieved the victory in 1870, he had become Chief of the General Staff in 1906, owing to his brilliant handling of the troops at manœuvres. But the appointment caused much surprise and comment, and his actual control of the army for which he was responsible survived only a few months of warfare. He furthered, if he did not initiate, the plan for the attack against France through Belgium; but his prestige waned at the Marne, and still more after the first assault on Ypres. He may have been over-cautious, and history will probably condemn his conduct of the campaign between the Battle of the Marne and the attacks upon Ypres. He was supplanted by von Falkenhayn at the end of 1914, owing, we presume, to his persistence in the belief that the Germans should still concentrate against the West.

Politics and Affairs.

WAR AFTER PEACE.

THE resolutions of the Allies' Economic Conference raise above all a broad issue of principle, and it is what kind of future lies before the world. It is possible to give to the whole document a minimizing reading, and to see in it only a set of proposals, mostly vague, for parrying certain risks, and achieving the worthy effect of setting up a school of mutual economic aid among the Allies during the period of recuperation immediately following the war. This comfortable interpretation renders neither the spirit of the document itself nor the impression which it has made on contemporary opinion. One of the abler and more moderate of Conservative newspapers headed the resolutions "War after Peace," and if the exponents of this policy define it in such terms, its critics must beware of supposing that it means less.

The central question for us is not whether these proposals would injure our trade and diminish our wealth, though they are bound to do both; it is whether we can deliberately adopt as our policy the idea that after the war the peoples of Europe must still be divided into two camps, bent with a frankness that they never at the worst confessed before it, on mutual hostility and mutual injury. That conception has been repudiated in the sharpest terms both by Mr. Asquith and by Sir Edward Grey. When the German Chancellor complained that we had set before ourselves as the chief of our war-aims the destruction of German well-being and German trade, the Prime Minister lost no time in dispelling the charge. We question whether anyone—Englishman, German, or neutral—could read these resolutions without the uneasy sense that this question is still open. They mean that "the enemy" will, after peace, be "the enemy" still. They mean that, even at the admitted risk of injury to ourselves, we shall seek to limit his trade and diminish his prosperity. They mean, in short, that we contemplate "war after peace." The human mind is capable in moments of emotion of performing strange gymnastic feats. When President Wilson bids us think of a council of nations, and a League whose aim it will be to settle the common affairs of the world without war, we none of us raise an objection of principle. When Sir Edward Grey holds up the ideal of "conference," we follow his exposition with unanimous applause. We are all of us sincere, but some of us lack the imagination to see that this conception of the world's future is in sharp contradiction with the cruder notion of "war after peace." If half Europe is seeking to exclude the other half from its markets, to penalize its industry and to cut off its supplies of raw material, it is useless to talk of conferences and Leagues to Enforce Peace. The ideal of "conference" implies on both sides a sincere good will, a readiness to see the other side, a wish to adjust mutual differences in a spirit of equity. That state of mind, and the mood of these resolutions, are as the poles apart. In this latter mood there could be neither conference nor conciliation, and negotiation could only register the pressure of opposing force. If we persist in this mood, let us at least realize what it means. It means that peace itself can be only a sullen truce. "War after peace" means penal tariffs, closed markets, and barred harbors. But it also means the old rivalry in armaments, the old conflict of alliances, and, once more and in an aggravated form, the working of all the causes, moral and economic, which made this war.

The resolutions of the Conference fall into three chapters, of which the first raises few controversial issues. If anything more can be done during the war to pool the

economic resources of the Allies, and to tighten the embargo on enemy trade, we are all agreed that it shall be done. With some minor reservations, the first chapter will command general assent, and when we turn to the chapter on the period of transition, the principle of a general Allied support for the devastated territories in their effort to recover from the spoliation of the enemy commands not merely assent but warm sympathy. Assuredly these harassed regions in the North of France and Belgium have "a prior claim" on any of the resources of the Allies which can assist their recovery. But we are afraid that it is in the main proposals for the period of transition that the danger of this programme stands revealed. The effect of these resolutions is virtually to enforce for "a number of years" after the war, a prohibition of trade with our present enemies, which, without being absolute, is none the less intended to be "effective." The "most favored nation" clause will be denied them, a provision which tacitly implies that we shall adopt a general tariff.

Now this is the usual formula for inaugurating a tariff war. That meant in the classical conflicts between France and Italy, Germany and Russia, the practical cessation of trade and a tension which threatened actual war. As if this were not enough, there are further to be for "a period of time" prohibitions or "effective" restrictions, apparently of all commerce, with a view to prevent "dumping." Further restrictions are foreshadowed in the clause which suggests "special conditions" to be imposed on enemy shipping. Finally, since it is to be foreseen that while the enemy will himself retaliate on our manufactures, he might still wish to buy our raw materials, it is laid down that these "natural resources" shall be conserved for Allied use. That means, presumably, that there is to be some restriction on the sale, let us say, of Welsh steam coal, Australian wool, Russian grain, and African Colonial produce to enemy markets. A beginning, indeed, has been made already by the imposition of a heavy permanent tax on the export of African oil-bearing nuts to foreign countries—a revival of the old Colonial system, and a serious restriction of Colonial trade. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the confusion and loss to trade with which all these measures, and the corresponding retaliations, would scourge our commerce. They must impoverish considerable tracts of North-Eastern England. They destroy all hope of any early return to normal conditions, and it will not escape the attention of business men that while the Conference invites us to revolutionize our fiscal system, it does not specifically propose that our Allies should in return lower their tariff walls in our favor. We may hope for Free Trade within the Entente, but the plain fact is that the industries of France, Italy, and Russia, built upon high protection, would be unlikely to welcome the free competition of British rivals. There is something specious in the concession that these drastic measures of virtual prohibition shall be transitional for "a number of years" only. The teaching of economic history is that such temporary *régimes* bring about, at heavy loss, a readjustment of commerce on both sides which tends to be permanent. Italy, after her ten years' tariff war with France, never recovered that valuable market. The protected British industry will acquire a vested interest, and argue that any lowering of the tariff under which it has grown up will mean its ruin. The German market, which used to take our half-manufactured cottons or woollens, will have set up the plant to produce them for itself. The pressure of the Allied boycott will itself have brought about perforce the doubtful danger which we dread—the consolidation of a Central Europe under German leadership.

Before the term of years is up, the neutrals will have been driven by the pressure of the two colossal rivals into one camp or the other. The political mischief, meanwhile, will have been wrought exactly at a moment when German opinion is malleable. It is in the few years after the war that we hope for some change of front in the German democracy. Precisely in these years we propose to close its markets and cut off its supplies. We could not, if we wished, take means more effective to strengthen the arguments of the German Government when it rallies the flagging energies of its people with the cry that they are engaged in a defensive war against a coalition which envied their prosperity and begrudged their future.

It is when the resolutions turn to their "permanent" proposals that the Liberal mind is conscious of the sharpest dissent. We follow the calculation which predicts that the restoration of European harmony can only be gradual. That is inevitable. If Germany had waged the war more honorably, she would not have raised against her the moral and intellectual barriers that now beset her path. But surely the way to peace is not so easy that we need put fresh obstacles in it. There is much to be said in favor of special steps to encourage certain small but important industries which hardly existed in this country before the war, even in a rudimentary form—the dye and drug industries in particular—especially if this is done by subsidized research, or even by a State monopoly, rather than by tariffs. Our neglect of these trades was unfortunate, not so much because we need dyes and drugs in war-time—a system of national stores would meet that difficulty—as because they are trades which demand science, skill, and intellectual attainments. A nation which relies on a few staple trades that demand no special intellectual equipment will suffer in its mental calibre. It may be very profitable to live by selling coal to the world, but to live by selling dyes and drugs demands a more strenuous mental life. To aim at developing these higher-grade trades is to adopt a proper and stimulating ambition.

But when the general economic ambition is set before us of achieving "independence in production in relation to enemy countries," a Liberal must take issue sharply with this ideal. It is, on the contrary, to the economic interdependence of nations, and not to their independence, that we look for the construction of a peaceful world. The ideal of the self-sufficing nation belongs to a stage of civilization which is passing, and to substitute for it as a closed economic unit a coalition welded by the passing chances of diplomacy, is to give an unworkable extension to old-world feeling. Free Trade means for us much more than a calculation that we gain by wide markets. It means that foreign trade is not a sort of war, but a co-operation in the world's work. It means that international exchange is a world-wide division of labor, and that barriers thrown across it can but add to the sum of the world's unnecessary toil. The war has changed nothing in this faith. On the contrary, the war itself, on a broad view, came largely from the long struggle for closed markets, spheres of influence, places in the sun, and for the strategical roads and the balance of power which govern their acquisition. To this faith the mass of Liberalism and Labor in this country stands firm. These resolutions commit neither the Cabinet nor Parliament, neither the Liberal leaders nor the party itself. They are nothing but a programme drafted largely by statesmen whose economic beliefs and practice are not ours. But the danger is real. We, in turn, are being urged to apply the feelings and needs of war to the calculations and morals of peace.

THE UNIONISTS AND THE SETTLEMENT.

THE Prime Minister will, we are sure, realize that the objection of certain Unionist members of the Cabinet to an interim settlement of the problem of Irish government raises for him a question both of policy and of honor. What the precise ground of such a movement can be, we find it hard to understand. The "Morning Post" we know. It is out for killing Home Rule. It thinks that the fact of the Dublin rising must be held to bar an immediate settlement of the grievance—the old Irish grievance of delay—which made it possible, and gave it a kind of wild plausibility. But where do the Unionist Ministers come in? Is it that they were silent only so long as they thought that Nationalist Ireland might reject the Lloyd George scheme, and that they woke to energy of speech and protest only when she seemed likely to accept it? The "Times" suggests that the malcontent Ministers may, like Baal, have been asleep. Their repose was undeniably profound. They allowed Mr. Asquith to pledge them specifically to Mr. Lloyd George's mission. They raised no finger of protest when that intervention materialized in a plan for the exclusion of six Ulster counties in return for an immediate "operation" of the Home Rule Act. It is possible that they were not informed of the precise character of that plan, and that they do not approve it. But at least they looked on while Sir Edward Carson commended it to his Ulster Council, and gained their assent to it. The reason for this general acceptance is not remote. We are at war, we have let Ireland get out of hand, our own machinery of internal government has broken down, and we have lost our touching faith in its efficacy. At the close of these and similar processes of disillusionment the average Englishman usually falls back on freedom. Let us add a more generous element to the Unionist psychology. A Home Rule Government can always keep Ireland quiet. So conceivably could a Coalition which adhered to Home Rule. But such moral influence was absent from a Coalition which contained Sir Edward Carson and not Mr. Redmond, and whose capital work on the problem of Irish self-government was the postponement of the emancipating measure. Such a Government might at least have paid Ireland the compliment of looking after it. Ireland suffered for this neglect in the Sinn Féin rising; and, if statesmanship be the great art of looking before and after, we may assume that the conscience of Unionism could not quite dissociate the rebellion it put down from the rebellion it fostered. There is a third consideration. Unionism is an Imperial policy, and its finer advocates realize that we look to a period when the governing sense of all the members of the Empire will be grouped together in a free association of heart, purpose, and intellect. The promise of this realization is not absolute. Many great factors must go to fashion the unity of the British Commonwealth. The first is that the foundation must be a true democracy—in our view a democracy of men and women—and that the freedom of its Parliaments must not be sacrificed to the mere "efficiency" of its executive power. The second is that the claims of India must be reconciled with those of the Dominions. The third is the consent and co-operation of Ireland. There is a sense in which Ireland may win or lose this war, and if that issue depends in any degree on America, it is obviously in her hands. She has an Empire of hearts beyond the seas, and in its reconciliation to the formal British Empire lies the real goal of Unionist as well as of Liberal aspiration.

There is therefore a high Unionist interest in the settlement of the question of Irish government. Unionist and Home Rule statesmen may equally be repelled from the form in which the temporary expedient now proposed is to run. We are not enamored of it in any shape but that of a port in a raging storm, for we can hardly imagine a weaker government for Ireland than to hand over to her, *holus-bolus*, the representation that she hit upon six years ago for an entirely different purpose. But it has some merit as a mere reconciling agency. It involves a mutual compromise. Each side surrenders a paper victory over the other. Each agrees to set its special mode of government in comparison but not in antagonism with the other; and to seek a final unity, when it is to be sought, by the way of moral consent, and as part of a greater oneness even than that of an undivided Ireland. The larger sacrifice of the two is that of Nationalism. For Nationalism is a passion of the deepest kind that politics engenders, and in Ireland it has lived as an ideal that remained all the more desired as each succeeding turn of destiny hid its realization from her eyes. If, therefore, Nationalism, in a time of great strain, now postpones its claim to a united Ireland, it makes an appeal of generosity which we should have thought the statesmanship of Lord Lansdowne could not resist.

But if every form of settlement is refused, there is one obvious conclusion. We have never understood why the Government persist in maintaining martial law. The civil rule of the soldier is always bad. He is not made for such work; he hates it; he understands neither its subtleties of tact, nor its average working principles. But in Ireland it is merely ridiculous. It piles Pelion on Ossa, for in effect our normal Irish government is largely militarized. In the country we maintain an extremely efficient police force on a military pattern, of first-rate physique and almost perfect discipline. Dublin possesses a separate body, with much the same characteristics. The Castle is certainly not deficient in the art of political supervision. Finally, there is the Defence of the Realm Act, under which any Government can do anything, right or wrong. Why add the soldier to this cohort of protective agents? His rule is obviously not a device of pacification. In the early hours of the Sinn Fein rising the Government had Ireland in the hollow of its hand. The rebellion was crushed by the weight of its own folly and of the popular disapproval. Martial law gave it a second birth, and a legend founded on everything that the last twenty years of British Liberalism has tried to banish from the Anglo-Irish relationship. For that reason it is impossible for the Prime Minister to go on governing Ireland by martial law. We are not in the 'eighties; we are in an essentially formed community with the agrarian war in the background. Martial law must be withdrawn at an early date, for it is merely an advertisement of Sinn Fein, and a temptation to all that is least practical, least governed, in Nationalist Ireland to slip back again into the mad path of rebellion. If, therefore, Cabinet Unionism goes with the "Morning Post," and takes the ground that though Ireland has given a great army to our European war she must be treated as hostile territory because she also furnished some hundreds of men and boys for a street rising against us, it wrenches power from the Prime Minister's hands. He is a Liberal who, on the formation of the Coalition Government, gave his followers a personal pledge that the great assets of Liberalism should remain. By virtue of his association with the Irish Act, he is also a Home Ruler of Home Rulers. If, in face of our Imperial need, he is not allowed to negotiate even a temporary form of self-government, Liberalism is virtually dead in the

Coalition. It has already paid a heavy price for its soul, which was yielded to a vast and terrible adventure in the belief that its grand prize of liberty was at stake. But it cannot meet Prussianism with Prussianism in the case in which its last effort of principle was expended and brought to the edge of a fully successful issue. It may content a kind of Toryism—by no means the most enlightened—to see Britain without Free Trade or Free Service, and Ireland deprived of the substantial hope of Free Government. But a country so ruled would have little likeness to the England of the Liberal spirit. Nor can we see how Mr. Asquith can have any further association with its management.

THE WAR OFFICE AND THE WAR.

THERE can be no doubt about the expediency of appointing a successor to Lord Kitchener without undue delay. The Secretaryship of the War Office has, indeed, ceased to be a great political position. But it still stands to the Allies as the symbol of our armed strength, and a well-known and acceptable figure could therefore exercise a wide influence in it. So much must be admitted, and it is disconcerting to hear that the appointment is being delayed by a disagreement as to functions. Lord Kitchener's tenure of the Secretaryship marked a progressive shrinkage of its powers. First, it was held that the office was unequal to controlling the munition supply; and that was delegated to a separate department. Then it was felt that the most experienced and trusted of our soldiers could hardly control the multitudinous business of the office and add to these the activities of the General Staff. So, by an Order in Council, the Chief of Staff was given a special responsibility, and granted the power of directly issuing orders as to military operations. Is it now held that the duties to which Lord Kitchener was not adequate can readily be shouldered by another Minister, and that even the purely military work can be better done by a civilian than by an admittedly successful soldier?

We are at a critical stage of the war. The next month or two may have in their keeping the sort of peace we desire, or, mishandled, may merely sharpen the angle of the inclined plane to exhaustion and stalemate. The General Staff is the brains of the Army. It is its function to attend to military training, and the planning of military operations. It must be on the alert to see how the latest changes have modified military plans. It must foresee and provide for all emergencies, preparing detailed schemes for operations in any given direction before they are needed, always keeping them up to date. In time of war these functions must be more and not less actively pursued; and the Chief of the General Staff becomes, not only the voice of the departments he controls, but in effect Commander-in-Chief of the armies. It is the same in all the belligerent nations. In Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy, the rulers are technically the commanders; but in fact the orders are issued and the operations controlled by Alexeiff, Falkenhayn, Hotzen-dorff, and Cadorna. By analogy, in France and Britain, the technical commanders who decide whether, after the advice of the Chiefs of the Staff, this or that operation should be undertaken, are the War Councils, and the execution and control of such operations devolve upon the Chiefs of the Staff, Joffre and Robertson. Admittedly every nation has followed the German tradition which separates the General Staff from the War Office, houses it in a separate building, and makes it directly responsible to the Kaiser. It is clear that this organization, in the light of repeated trials, has been proved the best, and that in a war which necessitates the intimate co-operation

of Allies, it is very desirable that the Allied units should be similarly organized.

The reasons for reverting to a system which, by Order in Council so late as February last, we judged to be cumbersome in its working, are less easy to see than the dangers. Under the old *régime* the Chief of the General Staff was more or less under the control of the Secretary for War. His voice was heard in the tones of his chief, and the decisions of the War Council came to him in the same tones. It was his business to provide the plans, but these might be radically changed by the Secretary for War. It is clear that in such a case his real responsibility ceased. But to dismiss the position in this way is to ignore the whole point. We choose the best man we can obtain to foresee and provide, to plan and scheme; and then we, as deliberately, change and trim his decisions. They might be so changed as to cease to represent his mind. We have already had experience in the war of a masterful head of a department losing all the benefit of his most experienced technical adviser by extracting a consent that would never have been given except under pressure. And the question arises: What is the use of technical advisers at all if we are to invert their function by making them say what we will instead of their willing what they say? If a civilian is sufficiently competent to be held responsible for the control of the war, there seems to be no reason why he should not command in the field, and the possibility conjures up that delightful picture of the Kaiser instructing his generals in strategy with a pointer and a blackboard. But that was in time of peace.

This, of course, is not an argument for dispensing with the final political control of the war. That would never do. Soldiers are not statesmen, and their minds are narrowed to the technical business for which they are trained. But the constitutional case hardly arises unless the Chief of the Staff claims to exercise his functions independently of constitutional control. But this is not the case. He is responsible to the War Council (of which the War Secretary is a member), to the Prime Minister, and to the Cabinet. The advantages of the system are clear. The Chief of the General Staff has full responsibility for his decisions. He is no doubt ridden on a looser rein, and can therefore give himself more wholeheartedly to the work which he is most competent to perform. The Allies know that they are in fact, as well as in seeming, dealing with a soldier, and in the present case with a soldier who has been Chief of the Staff to the British Commander-in-Chief in France. And we, too, have the assurance that the orders which go out to the armies in the field and the plans upon which they act are those of a well tried and skilful officer. We think that if Mr. Lloyd George goes to the War Office he may well claim some of the functions which were dissociated from it when the Ministry of Munitions was formed. He has an extremely alert mind, and his judgment on the problems of the war has been ripened by experience. But it seems to us that the ablest members of the Cabinet may be content to leave the Chief of Staff to exercise his functions in the largest measure of freedom. He alone is competent to do the work. No Minister demands merely the power to *sign* the orders instead of the Chief of the Staff. But the only alternative reason for restoring the Chief of the Staff to his old subordinate position is that he should be under the definite control of the Secretary of War in military operations. Can that position be maintained? We are certain that there is no member of a belligerent country who does not wish to force the war to the most speedy conclusion possible. To achieve this, we must

leave the control of the fighting in the hands of soldiers, subject, of course, to the general policy of the Cabinet and of the Allies. But it is idle to select our most experienced staff soldier and then to put him in tutelage.

THE FALLING BIRTH-RATE.

THE decline of the birth-rate in this and every other white man's country of which accurate information is available, has long been matter of common knowledge. Beginning earliest in France, then seizing the Scandinavian countries, the movement has now spread through Europe and the parts of other continents peopled predominantly by European stock. Wider speculators upon human history begin to ask themselves, "Is the Caucasian played out?" The havoc which this war is making upon the young male population of Europe, selecting for destruction the sturdiest stock, is deepening the concern with which thoughtful men and women regard the future of what seems to be a dwindling civilization in a dangerous world. Each people will, however, naturally pay chief regard to the significance of a declining birth-rate, and the declining growth of population which accompanies it, in its bearing upon its own national future.

The Report of the National Birth-Rate Commission in this country, just issued in a volume ("The Declining Birth-rate: Its Causes and Effects." Chapman & Hall) adds little to the stock of exact knowledge. But it is a useful compendary of statistical, medical, and other information, and fairly presents, though it does not often settle, the acute controversies that rage round the social and moral interpretation of the facts which are disclosed. Most people are aware that since the middle of the 'eighties our annual birth-rate has been declining at an accelerating pace, though our marriage-rate has shown no corresponding decline. This reduction in the size of families is so large that it manifestly represents a general policy, though unequally applied, throughout our population. How far this policy is one of moral restraint, how far of artificial prevention, it is impossible to know. But information laid before the Commission makes it very clear that contraceptive and other more injurious interferences with the natural birth-rate are in extensive use, especially in the industrial districts. Classification of recent figures from the 1911 census show an important correlation between birth-rate and income or social status. For whereas the births from 100 married males among unskilled workmen are 213 per annum, the number for skilled workmen is 153, and for the "Upper and Middle Class" only 119. Another instructive table shows that the families born to doctors, teachers, and clergy of the Established Church are little more than half the size of the families of coal-miners. Speaking generally, it is now well-established that the birth-rate falls as income rises. Deliberate prevention is evidently making its way from the well-to-do educated classes, who were the earliest to adopt it, to the poorer and more ignorant classes of the towns, and is now spreading into the agricultural districts.

As might be expected, wide divergence of views is shown regarding the motives of this family policy. Some are disposed to attribute it to cowardice and selfishness, a growing unwillingness of married persons, especially women, to face the burdens of life. Luxury and an excessive love of ease and pleasure, we are told, have eaten into the core of life, impelling men and women to sacrifice the very existence of the race to this craving for individual satisfaction. Others lay stress upon the greater caution and prudence with which married people face parental responsibilities, their increased desire to rear and educate

properly the children they consent to bring into the world, the growing consideration of the husband for the risks and burdens of maternity, and of the wife for the other duties and interests of life. That we are confronted by one of the inevitable fruits of popular education, and the forethought which comes from knowledge, there can be no question. The only class in the community which carries on the old method of having all the children that "Providence sends," is the ignorant, unskilled, and casual laborer.

But, taking into due consideration this blend of personal motives, selfish and genuinely humane, how far are they themselves the products of economic and other social environment itself capable of change? There certainly appears some reason to hold that the healthy normal play of the parental instincts is hampered by circumstances. The Housing Question, for instance, both in town and country exerts a restricting influence upon families. The shortage of cottages in rural parts, the preference of town landlords for tenants without "encumbrances," are not unimportant factors in the problem of our population. It also seems reasonable to hold that insecurity of employment and of livelihood must deter many parents from enlarging their families. Such considerations inspire the tentative proposals made by many members of the Commission, in favor of greater regularity and security of income, the extension of insurance against unemployment, further remissions in taxation for incomes supporting large families, and State bonuses for working-class children who grow up to maturity. But in face of the conspicuous fact that it is precisely the best-to-do, best-housed, best-educated, and most secure classes of the population that carry farthest the restriction in the size of the family, it is difficult to urge the efficacy of these or, indeed, any other "social reforms" as adequate remedies for what most of the members of the Commission regard as a disease.

For when we confront the prevalence of the preventive methods among peoples of such widely various environments, institutions, and economic conditions, we shall not be sanguine of the quick success of any of these remedies. Perhaps it would be better not to assume that we are dealing with a disease. The popular mind is easily alarmed by talk of "social suicide," and of a declining population which will "go under in the racial struggle for existence." The attitude adopted by militarists towards the problem is likely to aggravate this alarm. And yet, even from the military standpoint, it is by no means evident that numbers are strength. Still less can it be assumed that the value and success of a nation in the worthier activities of life are either measured or promoted by the density of population. On the contrary, the presumption surely is that in this collective art of creation, as in every other art, quality counts for more than quantity, and should be the prior consideration. It is, we believe, true that our country or our Empire can sustain a higher growth of population than is going on without allowing any large proportion of their children to be born and reared in poverty, squalor, and inefficiency, and that the food resources of the world under modern processes of development and transport are quite adequate to meet the pressure of the older and newer Malthusian contentions. No doubt we desire that our nation shall not dwindle and perish from the earth, but shall consist of "the largest number of healthy and happy human beings" we can support. If we do so desire, our business is to secure for it all a higher and securer standard of health and happiness than we have at present. Until we do that, it is somewhat premature to lament the slower though still considerable growth of our population.

THE ULSTER CONVENTION.

(FROM AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT.)

THE Ulster National Convention meets to take a momentous decision in circumstances as difficult as any that could embarrass a deliberative assembly. Martial law makes the free communication and expression of opinion difficult and dangerous; the passions aroused by the events of last month are a bad atmosphere for reasonable judgment; and the brief interval of time allowed for consideration of the provisional scheme makes attempts inevitable from all sides to stampede opinion. There is none the less a virtue in quick decision when the facts upon which it is based are apparent. But an outstanding feature of the controversy which fills the Irish press, and runs like a flame where men meet, despite the martial proclamations, is an uncertainty of what is behind the proposals. The skeleton may clothe itself in fair or most ungracious guise. And in this public controversy, when convincing guarantees on vital and still uncertain matters should be secured and stated, the leaders of the people aim at winning the acceptance of the scheme by dire prophecies of the future if the basis of negotiation breaks down. They threaten the continuance of martial law, as if that rule, "as fatuous as it is arbitrary," does anything more than bring discredit upon the administration, or they raise bogies of chaos and outrage to frighten the Church and the Moderates.

In truth, the Parliamentary leaders would have a stronger case if they chose to present it to the public intelligence. But they rely too exclusively on the machine, and follow secret ways when they might retain the full confidence of the people. Thus Mr. Redmond, in contrast to Sir Edward Carson, excludes the bulk of his followers from a share in the most critical decision that has challenged the Nationalist Party during his leadership, and calls into council not Ulster, but only six Ulster counties. Within these boundaries the basis of representation is fairly adjusted. Some exception must be taken to the representation given to Mr. Devlin's organization. In fact, it commands a triple representation in those of its members who are present as members of public boards, of U.I.L. executives, and expressly in its own.* This objection holds but with less force in regard to the National Foresters. With this exception, the scheme of representation is just, and fairly embodies Ulster Nationalist opinion. What arguments will be addressed to this assembly, and with what varying effect?

The position of certain groups of delegates is well known. It is not unfair to assume that the clerical representatives will, on the whole, reflect the published opinions of the Ulster bishops who, while leaving no doubt as to the disfavor with which the majority of them view the present proposals, are content, in common with their colleagues through the rest of Ireland, to press their opposition no further, but abide the vote of the Convention. There will be no just accusations of priestly interference with this vote. The members of Parliament will vigorously exert their influence on the other side, though there is by no means either unanimity or goodwill amongst even the higher command. If the evidence of the county conventions, which have been already held, is to be taken as final, and unless new arguments are addressed to their representatives, it is tolerably certain that large majorities in Tyrone, Fermanagh, Armagh, and Derry City will be banded in opposition. The Fermanagh Convention, indeed, took the extreme and questionable step of pledging its delegates in advance to

* Hibernian opinion is itself divided, as appears from the proceedings of the special convention of its members held in Dublin, which failed to arrive at a decision.

resist the temporary exclusion of any portion of Ulster. On the other hand, the personal prestige of Mr. Devlin and his mass tactics have swept Belfast into support, and the significance of his success there can hardly be under-estimated. If he can, in addition, drive a wedge into the Tyrone opposition and detach substantial minorities elsewhere, he will carry the Congress. This result in favor of the outlined scheme is probable. The issue would be more doubtful if all the Ulster counties had been given representation. It would be still more doubtful if an all-Ireland Convention were held.

This division of opinion derives its main source from the ambiguity of the present proposals. The administrative scheme of the six excluded counties during the war emergency period is even yet not clear. It is not enough to say, as has been officially stated, that these counties are to be left as at present under the Imperial Government. This has been supplemented by a denial that a separate Belfast executive is not part of the proposals. But Nationalist Ireland fears that such a scheme of administration will be built up within the six counties as will constitute a formidable obstacle to a final settlement after the war. Ireland wants no *Ibernia Irredenta* to disturb her normal development and to deflect and dissipate her energies. To consolidate old and create many new interests by a separate administrative establishment would be to construct such trenches and entanglements around the six counties as the rest of Ireland would not brook. It is this consideration that makes some Nationalists content to await the end of the war to urge their full claim whether to Colonial self-government or to a just position in a Federal system.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

BOTH in politics and in war one discerns a certain crumbling effect. The Cabinet is disturbed again. The War Office has lost a soldier of great personal force, though not of the first administrative quality; and now a brilliant civilian of an entirely opposed type proposes to step into the breach. He would reconstruct the old office, and put in force the old Constitutional doctrine of the headship of the civil chief over all departments, the General Staff included. But there is Sir William Robertson and the General Staff, reconstituted on the German and Continental model, and working under the War Council and the special eye of the Prime Minister. There are many who think that it would have been a good thing for the campaign if Sir William's judgment had been taken on some of its earlier developments. In any case, there he is, a strong, substantial man, virtually our Commander-in-Chief, and also a bit of a constitutional anomaly. As usual, Mr. Asquith solves the difficulty—not by walking but by staying. But he cannot stay for ever. What then? I see trouble, but not a dissolution of the Cabinet. That is more likely to arrive by way of a Unionist call for a general election in the autumn. But that again is stayed by the insuperable obstacle to these reformers' grand idea of a soldiers' franchise. The dilemma, even if it were possible to dismiss woman suffrage (which it is not), is clear. You cannot well have an election without the soldiers, and yet you cannot devise a method of collecting their votes.

SOME minds—most English minds—do not move quickly. The Unionist members of the Cabinet who specially think for Southern Irish Unionism have fol-

lowed, a little tardily, the more rapid evolutions of Mr. Lloyd George's intelligence. They have discovered that there is a plan for settling Ireland, and that a good many Irishmen do not like it. One may be candid. There are difficulties. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Long may have been parties to the general formula that it was desirable to "settle Ireland" on the basis of self-government. What they do not seem to have realized in time is that it was proposed to do so on the basis of a partition, with the exclusion of the six Ulster counties. I am told that their plea is that they were not so informed, that they cannot take a scheme blindfold, even if both the Irish parties accept it, that in any event the whole case of Southern Unionism must be considered, and that, on the face of the Lloyd George scheme, there is no provision for it, beyond the two University members, one of whom, Sir Edward Carson, may have to divide his substance and confound his personality among three Parliaments—Westminster, Dublin, and Belfast.

THERE is, however, a more serious difficulty than the Cabinet revolt. Mr. Walter Long is an estimable man, but he would hardly in himself create a revolution in an office chair, let alone a Cabinet. Lord Lansdowne's attitude is more serious, but essentially the trouble is that Ulster and Ireland are not looking at the Lloyd George plan from the same angle. The Ulster Unionist Council took it from Sir Edward Carson that the exclusion of the six counties was to be "definite," and not dependent on the will of an Imperial Conference. Mr. Redmond explained it to his friends as "temporary" and open to revision by an Imperial assembly. Can these views be reconciled? If they can, other bodies have to be won. The Southern Unionists were at first a placable element. But they are now frightened at the notion of being delivered into the hands of the Parliamentary Party, and if they are to come in they will want a good nominated element at their back. Then there are the patriot moderates, like Sir Horace Plunkett, who fear a Redmondite Parliament, at once stale and inexperienced. And there is—Sinn Féin. Where does it come in? It has had its baptism of blood and fire. And for that reason it has a good deal of the heart of Ireland in its keeping—and of Irish America. These are the obstacles.

AMERICA has had a convulsion of feeling over Ireland. There can be no doubt at all that the continuing executions did it. The wave of sympathy swept away most of the great Irish-American personalities, lay and clerical. The three Roman Catholic Cardinals became vice-presidents of the association which in a month collected half-a-million dollars to help the families of the prisoners and other sufferers from the rebellion. Famous names were withdrawn from the ranks of moderate Nationalism, and joined the more extreme section; and the Irish vote has once more become a first-rate issue in campaign politics. The trouble is not irreparable, but the general moral is that if we let reaction flow over us here, we shall suffer for it on the other side of the Atlantic.

I REMEMBER Mr. Stead and I once agreed that the most important individual work of grace that could be wrought in these islands would be the salvation of Lord Northcliffe. I was never so familiar as Mr. Stead with the operations of Divine Providence, and was a little more sceptical than he as to this particular effect of them. But I rarely open the "Times" without wishing that the good work would begin in that fertile soil. Take, for

instance, its attack on the Home Rule for India League, which it treated as if it were an organization of sedition. It is, in fact, the reverse—that is to say, a moderate answer to an immoderate Indian propaganda, with a basis "in political dacoity," which it wants to supersede and discredit. Is not that a good object? It aims, I imagine, at an Indian Legislative Council of some will and power. We may be sure that the moment we use the words "Imperial Federation," we set the ears of native India on the alert. Again, why not? The old order is going fast; we have now to deal with an educated Indian class quite as apt at political philosophy, oratory, dialectics, as Mr. Hughes, and if I were to name a dead statesman of the first quality of mind and temper—I mean Mr. Gokhale—a good deal apter. Is it not our policy to take the best cultivated flower of this new stock, and train it to India's and our need? I see no other.

I VERY gladly give publicity to the appeal of the National Young Women's Christian Association, who are asking for £25,000 for help in the absolutely indispensable work they are doing for the women war workers. I quote as follows from Miss Picton-Turbevill's appeal:—

"The need can hardly be exaggerated. The conditions in many centres are emergency conditions, and, in some cases, about as bad as can be imagined. We hear of a bed being occupied by a man at night and a woman by day; of women having to live an hour or more from their factory, rising at 4.30 a.m. to reach their work in time in the morning, and having to bring their dinners with them; while it is well known that a hot, well cooked meal is essential if women are to do a full day's good work.

"Since February we have received almost £25,000, and now we need £25,000 more. We have opened rest rooms, clubs, canteens, or hostels in over thirty places during this year, but the crowded centres are numbered by hundreds, and we must not rest until there is not one where it is needed.

"Five hundred pounds will provide a rest room. Twenty pounds will provide and furnish a canteen. Five pounds will furnish it, and one pound will provide a bed. May I plead with your readers to send something, either to myself or to Lord Sydenham, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W., for the work, which is truly of national importance?"

I SEE that Swinburne's Library was sold at Sotheby's on the first three days of this week. The prices were oddly capricious, some ludicrously inflated, others as ludicrously small. It was natural that the important presentation copies should attract eager competition among the booksellers. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," which he gave to Swinburne (1881), fetched £24; "Drum Taps," the same; Swinburne's original proofs of "Songs Before Sunrise," with his corrections, £19; the first edition of Wilde's "Intentions," presented to the poet, £32, and so on. A first edition of "Modern Love," with the inscription, "A. C. Swinburne, from his friend, George Meredith," went, after keen bidding, for £56. But the pearl of the collection was the Kelmscott "Chaucer," a royal folio with nearly 100 woodcuts and ornamental borders by Burne-Jones. It is one of the most beautiful books I have ever seen. It was given to Swinburne by Morris and Burne-Jones, and fetched £131.

HABEAS CORPUS DEFENCE FUND.

I HAVE to acknowledge, with thanks, the following further sum received for this fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	374	3	0
John Galsworthy, Esq.... ..	25	0	0
	£399	3	0

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

KOSSOVO DAY.

NEXT Wednesday is the celebration, and, for some weeks past, men and women who have worked with the Serbians during the war, have been preparing for the day with enthusiasm. Two years ago, a few students of medieval history and a few travellers in the Balkans were the only English people who had ever heard of Kossovo. Yet if ever there was a decisive battle of the world, it was Kossovo. It ended one epoch of history and it began another. It ended the obscure and bloody epoch of struggle between Byzantine Empire, Bulgar Empire, and Serbian Empire. It began the long epoch of Turkish domination in the Balkan peninsula, for many centuries equally obscure, always equally bloody, and at last resulting in the overthrow and catastrophe whence Europe's present woe is immediately derived. It is an attractive futility to imagine what would have been the destiny of the Balkan peoples and of Europe if the Turkish armies had fled back to Asia when their Sultan was murdered by a Serbian hero upon the field of Kossovo. How would Greek and Bulgar and Slav and Albanian have developed or amalgamated? Would they have moved with the rest of Europe in character and intellect and industry? Would they have escaped the secretive and deceptive degradation of soul which is the usual consequence of subjection and subservience? Whatever their destiny, it could hardly have been worse than Kossovo made it, and it could hardly have involved greater disasters for all European peoples.

Kossovo Day celebrates one of history's great disasters, and it is natural that the nation which, in common with Belgium and Poland, is now suffering the worst disaster to which any nation can be exposed, should look back for the comfort of pathos, if not of encouragement, to that earlier crushing blow which extinguished all but life and memory. Round the tragedy of Kossovo the literature of the Serbian peoples has gathered. There is hardly a Serbian ballad which has no thought of Kossovo. It was the Flodden and the Culloden of Serbia, for upon that extended plain the flowers of the Serbian forest all withered away. So the Serbs still sing of Tsar Lazar, who led them there and was slain; and of Milosh Obilitch who dared to creep to the tent of Sultan Murad Amurath and stab him to the heart; and of the nine brothers of Tsar Lazar's wife, and of old Jug Bogdan, and of the mother who found the bodies of nine sons and of old Jug Bogdan upon the bloody field, and of the two ravens that brought her one single hand which had grown in her womb, and how, cherishing that poor hand once again, she died. No guns were used, but the Turks say so terrible was the noise of the battle that the angels forgot their hymns to God's glory. To the present day, the Montenegrins, whose Serbian ancestors escaped from the field to those dark and stony mountains, wear mourning for Kossovo in their caps, just as Albanian women wear the long black fringe on their jackets in mourning for their hero Skanderbeg. And the Judas of the Serbs is the traitor, Vuk Brankovitch, who rode off with twelve thousand men at the height of battle.

The tragedy was deepened by contrast with previous grandeur. The tribes which called themselves "Slav," because, as they fondly supposed, they alone of all mankind could speak a human tongue, came pouring over the Danubian limits of the Roman-Byzantine Empire in the century when our own Teutonic barbarians were completing the subjugation of Romanized Britain.

Slowly they pushed westward till they reached the Adriatic, destroying or subjugating in their course all "Illyrians" except the Albanians and a few outposts of Italian civilization. Like brown rats, they infested the Middle East of the ancient Empire, and for some centuries they had a history little more definite than loosely federated hordes of rats. It is significant that the epoch of their baptism into Christianity was marked by their first war against the Bulgar barbarians, who, though of Mongol or Tartar stock, very strangely adopted a Slavonic tongue, and have ever since remained their detested neighbors, sometimes dominant, sometimes subject, sometimes jealously suspected allies, but always silently and persistently pursuing their practical way, and always just differing in those little points of language and religious observance which envenom the relations of next-door neighbors.

About the time of our Henry II., we see a Serbian Kingdom dimly emerging, which included Bosnia, and probably all that was worth having of Montenegro, with a capital city at Prishtina, about the centre of the country we have called Serbia for the last three years, if Serbia can now be said to exist. Next, during the reigns of our Henry III. and the first three Edwards, came Serbia's century of almost mythical glory. That glory culminated in the splendid reign of the Serbian hero, Stephen, who, to distinguish him from all the other Stephens or "Crowns" of Serbian history, was called Dushan, or "The Strangler," because he throttled his father, just as the robin redbreast is said to kill his father at the first sign of old age, so that the stock may be kept vigorous and alert.

For twenty years the Dushan reigned in glory, advancing the culture and morality of his people, codifying their random laws and usages, extending their Empire over nearly the whole Balkan peninsula, humbling to vassalage even the proud Bulgars, whose Tsars, only a generation or two before, had held sway as far as the Adriatic, the Black Sea, and the Ægean. He was on his way to certain conquest over the Greek relics of the Empire in Constantinople when, unhappily, he died of poison: and again one is tempted to speculate how different the history of Europe might have been had not the distinguished parricide then slept with his fathers.

But already the Turk had intruded among the Greeks and Christianized barbarians of the peninsula, and under the blows of his scimitar Stephen Dushan's Empire crumbled speedily away. On the Maritza, near Adrianople, the inhabitants still point to the place where the Serbs were overwhelmed, and their Tsar Vukashin slain in 1371. Tsar Lazar succeeded him, and it was he, the last of Serbian Tsars, who in old age gathered the vast host of Serbs, Albanians, and Bosniaks to the plain of Kossovo, where he and they fell in heaps together. That day was June 28th, 1389. From a Serbian ballad, Mr. William Miller, the historian and scholar of the Balkans, quotes the verses:—

"Amurath had so many men that a horseman could not ride from one wing of his army to the other in a fortnight; the plain of Kossovo was one mass of steel; horse stood against horse, man against man; the spears formed a thick forest; the banners obscured the sun, and there was no space for a drop of water to fall between them."

In the Balkans it is not only poets who claim poetic licence, but there is no doubt the battle was terrific. "Revenge for Kossovo" has always been the cry in Serbian hearts and on Serbian banners. From the issue of that battle the whole world suffers to-day. As to its immediate results, the historian writes:—

"The Servian Empire had fallen for ever, though

the Turks permitted rulers, or 'despots,' of Serbia to exercise nominal power for seventy years longer. Many noble families fled to the fastnesses of Montenegro, and maintained their faith and freedom from the Ottoman conquerors amid the impenetrable recesses of the Black Mountains. Others migrated to Hungary, and formed those Serb colonies on the banks of the river Theiss, from which, much later, succor came to Serbia in her struggle for independence. A third body of emigrants found a home in Bosnia, whose rulers had not yet fallen beneath the sway of the all-conquering Turks."

The history sounds dull and commonplace; yet from these three migrations, caused by Kossovo, mainly originated one of the most difficult problems that will confront Europe when the present war ends. It is the problem of the "Jugoslavs"—the Southern Slavs, the Serbian race as a whole—for the sake of whom we are now requested to pronounce the old word "Servia" as though we had colds in our heads. It is the claim of the Yugoslav, as expounded by their enthusiastic apostle, Mr. Seton-Watson, to include in the Serbian or South-Slav Empire the whole of Serbia, as defined in the calamitous Treaty of Bucharest three years ago, the whole of Bosnia and Herzegovina, part of the Banat across the Danube from Belgrade, Slavonia across the Save, Croatia with Agram, Carniola, Montenegro, and the whole Dalmatian coast from Istria (which would be halved with Italy, Trieste and Fiume being declared "free ports") down to Valona (Italian also). What would then happen to Albania, which is held by a strong and versatile nationality, quite as distinctive as the Yugoslav, is not definitely explained in the treatise before us. For the present, we need only say of the Albanians what Mungo Park's mother said of her son when they told her he was fettered in an African slave-gang: "God help the mon wha's chained to oor Jock."

Leaving the Yugoslav problem (a fruitful source of future wars unless the diplomatists of the inevitable peace display a wisdom and moderation hitherto unusual in diplomacy), we may notice a few points which should naturally have attracted British sympathy to the small Serbian nation since it emerged from Turkish domination little more than a century ago. We all know the terrible events which once and again have estranged that sympathy—the murder of the heroic peasant prince, Kara George the Liberator, by his successor, Milosh Obrenovitch; the murder of the excellent prince, Michael Obrenovitch, and his cousin (a woman) in the park near Belgrade; the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga by Serbian officers in their palace. The crime of regicide is conspicuous, and the stigma attaching to a whole people in consequence may be exaggerated. There is no proof that the Serbian Government or any of the Serbian people proper were implicated in the Serajevo murders which on Kossovo day just two years ago set the present European conflagration ablaze. The fanatical murderers were possibly prompted by a fear that the Crown Prince and his wife, both philo-Slav in sympathy, might discover some solution of the Southern Slav question other than the murderers approved. But if, for a moment, we could forget the records of those hideous but localized and individual crimes; if we could realize how much must be forgiven to a race which, in a naturally wild and barbaric land, has only recently escaped from nearly five centuries of foreign despotism, and that despotism the Turkish, we should then recognize that, among all Balkan peoples, the Serbians may claim the honor of having themselves struck the blow for freedom; they may claim the honor of possessing a native dynasty unplagued by German relations; they may claim, not, indeed, the Bulgar's business capacity, but a gaiety and charm unknown to Bulgarians, and a com-

parative simplicity in dealing unknown to Greeks. Above all, they may claim our sympathies for a skilful and heroic defence against a vastly superior enemy, and for a depth of national misfortune to which their reliance upon hopes of our aid partly contributed, and which has made their restoration to all their former national rights one essential item in the British debts of honor.

THE SOWING TIME OF SORROW.

"Joy impregnates," wrote William Blake in the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "and sorrow brings forth." However neatly this aphorism may convey a physiological truth, it certainly does not apply to the spiritual aspects of life. For, were it a truth of general application, Europe of to-day would be creative indeed, giving birth not to valor alone, but to all manner of greatness, fruitful of poetry, and rich in political achievement. Europe that was glad mourns as never before: Europe, then, should bring forth abundantly. But sorrow has only a single child, endurance. That issue pain can ever procreate, revealing alike in the twilight of distress dazzling audacity and sombre fortitude. So much the pangs of war make manifest on every soil. Civilization, despite the rambling lamentations of sententious old men, has not softened mankind or enervated the strong fibres of courage. Sorrow gives birth to valor; but that noble child is not enough. Endurance is, after all, a means to an end. We endure for something, for the winning of a game or of a war, for the triumphant achievement of artistic expression. Above all, we endure for peace, and we do so because peace brings joy in place of sorrow. And joy, not sorrow, is the fruitful force in our lives. In happiness we make and mould our best and most lasting monuments of work. Unrest is sterile. Blake's apology for sorrow would seem to hold but a fragment of the truth.

The impregnating force of disaster and of grief was a point much stressed by the Greek tragedians. To the Attic mind the conception of Nemesis or Righteous Retribution striking down with some unforeseen and terrible calamity the demon Hubris or Infatuate Pride was particularly vivid and lasting. Almost to the verge of boredom we hear the refrain, "To suffer is to learn." Sorrow, not joy, was for them the purifying and creative force: through pain to progress the human pathway ran.

Yet it is surely arguable that this generalization of the Greeks is as misleading as the aphorism of Blake. To suffer is not always to learn, for the simple reason that suffering may be so intense and so prolonged that it numbs every faculty of apprehension, and by its deadening blow paralyzes or destroys the power to create. Indeed, should we desire to balance one pain against another in quantitative measurement, what canon could we adopt save the extent of the paralyzing process? That pain is the greatest which most completely crushes the human faculties and blunts alertness and ambition. The real sufferer is not the schoolboy, who forgets in a week the sharp agony of his caning, but the man who, hard hit by loss or pestilence or miscarriage of plans, goes crushed through life, without desire, without hope, without achievement. Nor is such desolation inevitably the sufferer's fault. Brave men may hold up their heads, bloody but unbowed. But there are blows too strong for any man's endurance, blows that shatter everlastingly and make resourceless automata of active men. To suffer is not always to learn. It is often to forget or to sink in stupefaction, an emotional cripple, a spiritual paralytic. For sorrow, when crowned with surging sorrow, is of all things most sterile.

Yet it would be presumption to suppose that the swift penetration of William Blake and the reasoned wisdom of the Greek tragedian can both be wholly at fault upon so weighty a theme, and therefore we must seek an explanation of their faith in the fruitfulness of sorrow. Possibly they were so strongly impressed with the occasional effects of momentary pain that they became blind to the equally important results of prolonged suffering. It is true that a sharp sting may act as a healthy stimulus in every branch of life. A general may learn by defeat, an artist may profit by disappointment, a student may fail in one test only to triumph in the next. Obvious, it may be urged; but it is not always remembered that the brief discomfort of such repulses carries an effect widely different from the numbing stress of constant grief. Undoubtedly, the event which most of all influenced the outlook of the Greek thinkers was the overthrow of the Persian invader and the victory of Hellas, dwarf champion of liberty, over the clumsy frightfulness of the despotic Orient. But the war which saved Hellenic independence and brought the glory of Athens into being, was won in two sharp campaigns. First Marathon, and then Thermopylae, Salamis, Plataea. The affair was settled, its prolongation in Thrace immaterial. Greece had suffered and was glad: was glad and created. Her plenteous horn poured forth abundant gifts, political, aesthetic, philosophic.

Contrast with this decisive war the ghastly struggle of attrition which raged from 431 to 404 B.C., when internal rivalries set Athens and Sparta at each other's throats. These harsh years of stern endurance and ceaseless suffering, of cruelty and treachery, of death and of despair, destroyed not only the walls and the dominance of Athens, but also the whole spirit and vitality of Greece: a body so racked and so incessantly abused could not long retain its soul. The alert and creative democracy of Pericles passed into the corrupt and moribund mob-rule against which Demosthenes thundered in vain. Poetry became a pose, and philosophy, once a mystical adventure, became a sordid and discredited profession. Soldiering, which had been the duty of free citizens, became the profitable career of bullies and bravos; the amazing athletes whom Pindar had honored in verse and Pheidias in stone, yielded to the sottish professors of degrading displays, and the ancient games of Greece became more and more brutalized and more and more popular. Genius was a homeless wanderer, and talent, passing through a round of trivial triumphs, was enthroned at last in Alexandria, that sumptuous hen-coop of the Muses, where tragedy was only a trick and comedy no more than a convention.

It would be difficult to deny that this unsightly decadence was caused to a great extent by the abortive horror of the Peloponnesian war. Athens that had suffered and been quickened by her war against Persia suffered and was stunned by her war against Sparta. As the war of attrition dragged itself on through phase after phase of cruelty and disaster, the city that had risen radiant and violet-crowned after the bitter birth-pains of Marathon sank to a dull lethargy of despotism, set superstition on religion's throne, banished her critic-poet to the barbarous north, her soldier-historian to lonely contemplation, and, worst crime of all, made her philosopher not a king but a martyr.

How strangely and how fearfully close (to compare small things with great) is the parallel between that Grecian struggle and the vast war of attrition which is tearing at the vitals of modern Europe! Athens stands almost impregnable in her maritime and imperial power, successful on the sea, but wasteful and blundering in her expeditions by land. Sparta, utterly dominated by a

brutish aristocracy of militarism, deals vain hammer-blows at her naval opponent, and triumphs at last by the mistakes of her foes. Gallipoli's hard path to Constantinople and the East recalls Epipolæ and Syracuse and the grave check to Athenian ambitions in the West. Dublin's tragedy calls Mitylene and Melos to mind. What of the aftermath? Is that to be the same? That is the supreme question of to-day for democracies that claim liberal ideals as their inspiration in the fray.

The strain of the Napoleonic wars was too great for Europe; after Waterloo came Peterloo, and the peace of the liberators was the peace of death. Suffering, as we have seen, can be either a stimulus or a sedative, an inspiration or an anæsthetic. Now suffering is rife as perhaps never before; agony comes surging upon agony. And in this grim moil of war the men are working and the women are weeping; is it our only hope that "the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep"? That was the way of 404 B.C. and of 1815 A.D. Now we are beset with a host of thronging problems, clamorous for solution in times of peace and rendered yet keener by the stress of war. The industrial anarchy of capitalism, the militarist anarchy of Ireland, the long-standing anarchy of our imperial affairs, the urgent anarchy of our sex relations, all cry aloud for some guidance and inspired control. Mr. Asquith, in his remarks on the Irish question, has boldly welcomed the challenge of peace, and made ready the way for a complete upheaval in the administration of Empire. That was well spoken if only because there is an emphasis on the creative side of our war-suffering. But it needs more than a single speech to counter the effects of war-weariness and to save England from a long and sterile slumber. It has been said that while it was the function of the nineteenth century to liberate, it will be the function of the twentieth to control. But the twentieth century has sacrificed its second decade to the greatest war of history, to an unparalleled climax of disaster. Upon the length of this war and the depth of distress to which the combatant peoples sink, depends the possibility of this essential and beneficent control. If the nations are numbed, the anarchy lives on. But if our sorrow, though exceeding bitter, is brief enough to stimulate and arouse, then what may we not profit from such a cataclysm? Hope still remains that in this tragedy of ours Blake and the Greeks may tell the truth, that sorrow is creative, and a mother of mighty things.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 349.)

BOOK I.

Matching's Easy at Ease.

§ 6.

THE newspapers came next morning at nine, and were full of the Serajevo Murders. Mr. Direck got the "Daily Chronicle" and found quite animated headlines for a British paper.

"Who's this Archduke," he asked, "anyhow? And where is this Bosnia? I thought it was a part of Turkey."

"It's in Austria," said Teddy.

"It's in the Middle Ages," said Mr. Britling.

"What an odd, pertinacious business it seems to have been. First one bomb, then another; then finally, the man with the pistol. While we were strolling about the rose garden. It's like something out of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'"

"Please," said Herr Heinrich.

Mr. Britling assumed an attentive expression.

"Will not this generally affect European politics?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it will."

"It says in the paper that Serbia has sent those bombs to Serajevo."

"It's like another world," said Mr. Britling, over his paper. "Assassination as a political method. Can you imagine anything of the sort happening nowadays west of the Adriatic? Imagine someone assassinating the American Vice-President, and the bombs being at once ascribed to the arsenal at Toronto! . . . We take our politics more sadly in the West. . . . Won't you have another egg, Direck?"

"Please! Might this not lead to a war?"

"I don't think so. Austria may threaten Serbia, but she doesn't want to provoke a conflict with Russia. It would be going too near the powder magazine. But it's all an extraordinary business."

"But if she did?" Herr Heinrich persisted.

"She won't. . . . Some years ago I used to believe in the inevitable European war," Mr. Britling explained to Mr. Direck, "but it's been threatened so long that at last I've lost all belief in it. The Powers wrangle and threaten. They're far too cautious and civilized to let the guns go off. If there was going to be a war it would have happened two years ago when the Balkan League fell upon Turkey. Or when Bulgaria attacked Serbia. . . ."

Herr Heinrich reflected, and received these conclusions with an expression of respectful edification.

"I am naturally anxious," he said, "because I am taking tickets for my holidays at an Esperanto Conference at Boulogne."

§ 7.

"There is only one way to master such a thing as driving an automobile," said Mr. Britling outside his front door, as he took his place in the driver's seat, "and that is to resolve that from the first you will take no risks. Be slow if you like. Stop and think when you are in doubt. But do nothing rashly, permit no mistakes."

It seemed to Mr. Direck as he took his seat beside his host that this was admirable doctrine.

They started out of the gates with an extreme deliberation. Indeed twice they stopped dead in the act of turning into the road, and the engine had to be re-started.

"You will laugh at me," said Mr. Britling; "but I'm resolved to have no blunders this time."

"I don't laugh at you. It's excellent," said Mr. Direck.

"It's the right way," said Mr. Britling. "Care—oh damn! I've stopped the engine again. Ugh!—ah!—so!—Care, I was saying—and calm."

"Don't think I want to hurry you," said Mr. Direck. "I don't."

They passed through the village at a slow, agreeable pace, tooting loudly at every corner, and whenever a pedestrian was approached. Mr. Direck was reminded that he had still to broach the lecture project to Mr. Britling. So much had happened—

The car halted abruptly and the engine stopped.

"I thought that confounded hen was thinking of crossing the road," said Mr. Britling. "Instead of which she's gone through the hedge. She certainly *looked* this way. . . . Perhaps I'm a little fussy this morning."

"I'll warm up to the work presently."

"I'm convinced you can't be too careful," said Mr. Direck. "And this sort of thing enables one to see the country better."

Beyond the village Mr. Britling seemed to gather confidence. The pace quickened. But whenever other traffic or any indication of a side way appeared, discretion returned. Mr. Britling stalked his signposts, crawling

towards them on the belly of the lowest gear; he drove all the morning like a man who is flushing ambuscades. And yet accident overtook him. For God demands more from us than mere righteousness.

He cut through the hills to Market Saffron along a lane-road with which he was unfamiliar. It began to go up hill. He explained to Mr. Direck how admirably his engine would climb hills on the top gear.

They took a curve and the hill grew steeper, and Mr. Direck opened the throttle.

They rounded another corner, and still more steeply the hill rose before them.

The engine began to make a chinking sound, and the car lost pace. And then Mr. Britling saw a pleading little white board with the inscription "Concealed Turning." For the moment he thought a turning might be concealed anywhere. He threw out his clutch and clapped on his brake. Then he repented of what he had done. But the engine, after three Herculean throbs, ceased to work. Mr. Britling, with a convulsive clutch at his steering-wheel, set the electric hooter snarling, while one foot released the clutch again and the other, on the accelerator, made the engine roar. Mr. Direck felt they were going back, back, in spite of all this vocalization. He clutched at the emergency brake. But he was too late to avoid misfortune. With a feeling like sitting gently in butter, the car sank down sideways and stopped with two wheels in the ditch.

Mr. Britling said they were in the ditch—said it with quite unnecessary violence. . . .

This time two cart horses and a retinue of five men were necessary to restore Gladys to her self-respect. . . .

After that they drove on to Market Saffron, and got there in time for lunch, and after lunch Mr. Direck explored the church and the churchyard and the parish register.

After lunch Mr. Britling became more cheerful about his driving. The road from Market Saffron to Blandish, whence one turns off to Matching's Easy, is the London and Norwich high road; it is an old Roman Stane Street and very straightforward and honest in its stretches. You can see the cross roads half-a-mile away, and the low hedges give you no chance of a surprise. Everybody is cheered by such a road, and everybody drives more confidently and quickly, and Mr. Britling particularly was heartened by it, and gradually let out Gladys from the almost excessive restriction that had hitherto marked the day. "On a road like this nothing can happen," said Mr. Britling.

"Unless you broke an axle or burst a tyre," said Mr. Direck.

"My man at Matching's Easy is most careful in his inspection," said Mr. Britling, putting the accelerator well down, and watching the speed indicator creep from forty to forty-five. "He went over the car not a week ago. And it's not one month old—in use that is."

Yet something did happen.

It was as they swept by the picturesque walls under the big old trees that encircle Brandisemead Park. It was nothing but a slight miscalculation of distances. Ahead of them and well to the left, rode a postman on a bicycle; towards them, with that curious effect of implacable fury peculiar to motor-cycles, came a motor-cyclist. First, Mr. Britling thought that he would not pass between these two, then he decided that he would hurry up and do so, then he reverted to his former decision, and then it seemed to him that he was going so fast that he must inevitably run down the postman. His instinct not to do that pulled the car sharply across the path of the motor-cyclist. "Oh, my God!" cried Mr. Britling. "My God!" twisted his wheel over and distributed his feet among his levers dementedly.

He had an imperfectly formed idea of getting across right in front of the motor-cyclist, and then they were going down the brief grassy slope between the road and the wall, straight at the wall, and still at a good speed. The motor-cyclist smacked against something and vanished from the problem. The wall seemed to rush up at them, and then—collapse. There was a tremendous concussion. Mr. Direck gripped at his friend the emergency brake, but had only time to touch it before his

head hit against the frame of the glass wind-screen, and a curtain fell upon everything.

He opened his eyes upon a broken wall, a crumpled motor-car, and an undamaged motor-cyclist in the aviator's cap and thin oilskin overalls dear to motor-cyclists. Mr. Direck stared, and then, still stunned and puzzled, tried to raise himself. He became aware of acute pain.

"Don't move for a bit," said the motor-cyclist. "Your arm and side are rather hurt, I think." . . .

§ 8.

In the course of the next twelve hours Mr. Direck was to make a discovery that was less common in the days before the war than it has been since. He discovered that even pain and injury may be vividly interesting and gratifying.

If anyone had told him he was going to be stunned for five or six minutes, cut about the brow and face and have a bone in his wrist put out, and that as a consequence he would find himself pleased and exhilarated, he would have treated the prophecy with ridicule; but here he was lying stiffly on his back with his wrist bandaged to his side and smiling into the darkness even more brightly than he had smiled at the Essex landscape two days before. The fact is pain hurts or irritates, but in itself it does not make a healthily constituted man miserable. The expectation of pain, the certainty of injury may make one hopeless enough, the reality rouses our resistance. Nobody wants a broken bone or a delicate wrist, but very few people are very much depressed by getting one. People can be much more depressed by smoking a hundred cigarettes in three days or losing one per cent. of their capital.

And everybody had been most delightful to Mr. Direck.

He had had the monopoly of damage. Mr. Britling, holding on to the steering-wheel, had not even been thrown out. "Unless I'm internally injured," he said, "I'm not hurt at all. My liver perhaps—bruised a little. . . ."

Gladys had been abandoned in the ditch, and they had been very kindly brought home by a passing automobile. Cecily had been at the Dower House at the moment of the rueful arrival. She had seen how an American can carry injuries. She had made sympathy and helpfulness more delightful by expressed admiration.

"She's a natural born nurse," said Mr. Direck, and then, rather in the tone of one who addressed a public meeting: "But this sort of thing brings out all the good there is in a woman."

He had been quite explicit to them and more particularly to her, when they told him he must stay at the Dower House until his arm was cured. He had looked the application straight into her pretty eyes.

"If I'm to stay right here just as a consequence of that little shake up, maybe for a couple of weeks, maybe three, and if you're coming to do a bit of a talk to me ever and again, then I tell you I don't call this a misfortune. It isn't a misfortune. It's right down sheer good luck. . . ."

And now he lay as straight as a mummy, with his soul filled with radiance of complete mental peace. After months of distress and confusion, he'd got straight again. He was in the middle of a real good story, bright and clean. He knew just exactly what he wanted.

"After all," he said, "it's true. There's ideals. She's an ideal. Why, I loved her before ever I set eyes on Mamie. I loved her before I was put into pants. That old portrait, there it was pointing my destiny. . . . It's affinity. . . . It's natural selection. . . ."

"Well, I don't know what she thinks of me yet, but I do know very well what she's got to think of me. She's got to think all the world of me—if I break every limb of my body making her do it.

"I'd a sort of feeling it was right to go in that old automobile.

"Say what you like, there's a Guidance. . . ."

He smiled confidentially at the darkness as if they shared a secret.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MR. BRITLING IN SOLILOQUY.

§ 1.

VERY different from the painful contentment of the bruised and broken Mr. Direck was the state of mind of his unwounded host. He, too, was sleepless, but sleepless without exaltation. The day had been too much for him altogether; his head, to borrow an admirable American expression, was "busy."

How busy it was a whole chapter will be needed to describe.

The impression Mr. Britling had made upon Mr. Direck was one of indefatigable happiness. But there were times when Mr. Britling was called upon to pay for his general cheerful activity in lump sums of bitter sorrow. There were nights—and especially after seasons of exceptional excitement and nervous activity—when the reckoning would be presented, and Mr. Britling would welter prostrate and groaning under a stormy sky of unhappiness—active insatiable unhappiness—a beating with rods.

The sorrows of the sanguine temperament are brief but furious; the world knows little of them. The world has no need to reckon with them. They cause no suicides and few crimes. They hurry past, smiting at their victim as they go. None the less they are misery. Mr. Britling in these moods did not perhaps experience the grey and hopeless desolations of the melancholic nor the red damnation of the choleric, but he saw a world that bristled with misfortune and error, with poisonous thorns and traps and swampy places and incurable blunderings. An almost insupportable remorse for being Mr. Britling would pursue him—justifying itself upon a hundred counts.

And for being such a Britling!

Why—he revived again that bitter question of a thousand and one unhappy nights—why was he such a fool? Such a hasty fool? Why couldn't he look before he leapt? Why did he take risks? Why was he always so ready to act upon the supposition that all was bound to go well? (He might as well have asked why he had quick brown eyes.)

Why, for instance, hadn't he adhered to the resolution of the early morning? He had begun with an extremity of caution.

It was a characteristic of these moods of Mr. Britling that they produced a physical restlessness. He kept on turning over and then turning over again, and sitting up and lying back, like a martyr on a grid-iron.

This was just the latest instance of a life-long trouble. Will there ever be a sort of man whose thoughts are quick and his acts slow? Then, indeed, we shall have a formidable being. Mr. Britling's thoughts were quick and sanguine, and his actions even more eager than his thoughts. Already while he was a young man Mr. Britling had found his acts elbow their way through the hurry of his ideas and precipitate humiliations. Long before his reasons were marshalled, his resolutions were formed. He had attempted a thousand remonstrances with himself; he had sought to remedy the defects in his own character by written inscriptions in his bedroom and memoranda inside his watch case. "Keep steady!" was one of them. "Keep the End in View." And, "Go steadfastly, coherently, continuously; only so can you go where you will." In distrusting all impulse, scrutinizing all imagination, he was persuaded lay his one prospect of escape from the surprise of countless miseries. Otherwise he danced among glass bombs and poisoned thorns.

There had been a time when he could exhort himself to such fundamental charges and go through phases of the severest discipline. Always at last to be taken by surprise from some unexpected quarter. At last he had ceased to hope for any triumph so radical. He had been content to believe that in recent years age and a gathering habit of wisdom had somewhat slowed his leaping purpose. That if he hadn't overcome he had at least to a certain extent minimized it. But this last folly was surely the worst. To charge through this patient world with—how much did the car weigh? A ton certainly and perhaps

more—reckless of every risk. Not only to himself but others. At this thought, he clutched the steering-wheel again. Once more he saw the bent back of the endangered cyclist, once more he felt rather than saw the seething approach of the motor bicycle, and then through a long instant he drove helplessly at the wall.

Hell perhaps is only one such incident, indefinitely prolonged.

Anything might have been there in front of him. And indeed now, out of the dreamland to which he could not escape, something had come, something that screamed sharply.

"Good God!" he cried, "if I had hit a child! I might have hit a child!" The hypothesis flashed into being with the thought, tried to escape, and was caught. It was characteristic of Mr. Britling's nocturnal imagination that he should individualize this child quite sharply as rather plain and slender, with reddish hair, staring eyes, and its ribs crushed in a vivid and dreadful manner, pinned against the wall, mixed up with some bricks, only to be extracted, oh! *horribly*.

But this was not fair! He had hurt no child! He had merely pitched out Mr. Direck and broken his arm.

It wasn't his merit that the child hadn't been there! The child might have been there!

Mere luck.

He lay staring in despair—as an involuntary God might stare at many a thing in this amazing universe—staring at the little victim his imagination had called into being only to destroy.

§ 2

If he had not crushed a child other people had. Such things happened. Vicariously at any rate he had crushed many children.

Why are children ever crushed?

And suddenly all the pain and destruction and remorse of all the accidents in the world descended upon Mr. Britling.

No longer did he ask Why am I such a fool, but why are we all such fools? He became Man on the automobile of civilization, crushing his thousands daily in his headlong and yet aimless career.

That was a trick of Mr. Britling's mind. It had this tendency to spread outward from himself to generalized issues. Many minds are like that nowadays. He was not so completely individualized as people are supposed to be individualized—in our law, in our stories, in our moral judgments. He had a vicarious factor. He could slip from concentrated reproaches to the liveliest remorse for himself as The Automobilist-in-General, or for himself as England, or for himself as Man. From remorse for smashing his guest and his automobile he could pass by what was for him the most imperceptible of transitions to remorse for every accident that has ever happened through the error of an automobilist since automobiles began. All that long succession of blunders became Mr. Britling. Or, rather, Mr. Britling became all that vast succession of blunderers.

These fluctuating lapses from individuation made Mr. Britling a perplexity to many who judged only by the old personal standards. At times he seemed a monster of cantankerous self-righteousness, whom nobody could please or satisfy, but indeed when he was most pitiless about the faults of his race or nation he was really reproaching himself, and when he seemed more egotistical and introspective and self-centred he was really ransacking himself for a clue to that same confusion of purposes that waste the hope and strength of humanity. And now through the busy distresses of the night it would have perplexed a watching angel to have drawn the line and shown when Mr. Britling was grieving for his own loss and humiliation and when he was grieving for these common human weaknesses of which he had so large a share.

And this double refraction of his mind by which a concentrated and individualized Britling did but present a larger impersonal Britling beneath, carried with

it a duplication of his conscience and sense of responsibility. To his personal conscience he was answerable for his private honor and his debts and the Dower House he had made and so on, but to his impersonal conscience he was answerable for the whole world. The world from the latter point of view was his egg. He had a subconscious delusion that he had laid it. He had a subconscious suspicion that he had let it cool, and that it was addled. He had an urgency to incubate it. The variety and interest of his talk was largely due to that persuasion, it was a perpetual attempt to spread his mental feathers over the task before him. . . .

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

"UNIVERSAL SERVICE AND PRUSSIANISM."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your old correspondent, and my old opponent, Mr. Coulton, is as incorrigible as he is indefatigable.

In your issue of June 10th he writes: "Just a year ago I appealed in vain in your columns for a single instance of a country which, having adopted universal military service, found itself less free than in its earlier voluntarist days." In *THE NATION* of July 19th, 1915, I answered this appeal by referring to the case of the United States of America, in the following terms:—

"The Americans themselves undoubtedly considered that in adopting compulsory service they became for the time being less free. The question was argued out among them on that footing; they decided, rightly or wrongly, that a temporary sacrifice of freedom was absolutely necessary for its permanent preservation; they made the sacrifice during rather less than two years; they put a stop to it the moment the war was over, and not once during the subsequent fifty years have they given the slightest encouragement to any proposal for establishing any sort of compulsion in time of peace."

Mr. Coulton had the last word in that correspondence, and in his final letter of two and a-half columns he dealt at length with various other topics; but this particular paragraph, which supplied exactly the answer he had pressed for in his last preceding letter, he left severely alone. What has he to say to it now?

If he pleads that this is a solitary instance, and challenges me to find another, I shall reply (1) that he only asked for a single instance, and (2) that I know of no other country except our own which had any "earlier voluntarist system" with which to compare its present compulsory one.

His present letter is primarily concerned with Prussia, so I will venture to demand his authority for the statement that "Frederick the Great's army was mainly recruited by voluntary enlistment." What Sir John Seeley says about it in his "Life of Stein" (Vol. II., p. 100) is that: "The greater part of it was raised by conscription; but from this conscription large classes of persons, as well as whole towns and districts, had exemption. In the main the citizen class were exempt, while the peasantry were subject to compulsory service; and in order to maintain so large an army it was necessary to make twenty years the term of service." Inasmuch as the peasantry were mostly serfs, to begin with, compulsion in their case would present but little difficulty. It is no doubt true that Prussia is a freer country now than it was under Frederick the Great, though that is not saying very much; but the cause of the difference is not the extension of compulsory military service to the classes previously exempted; it is (among other things) the preceding abolition of serfdom and reform of the land system.

One great difficulty in arguing with Mr. Coulton is his elusive use of leading terms. In the whole of this last letter the word compulsion does not occur, though the whole question between him and people like myself is between compulsion and no compulsion, or rather between two forms of compulsion—compulsory personal service and compulsory payment of taxes wherewith to obtain by free contract the required personal service. What he calls upon us to admire is "universal service."

Strictly universal military service no nation ever has

had, or will have. A full half of the adult population will always be exempted on the ground of sex; and whether this wholesale exemption is based on presumed physical weakness or on specialized functions, there will always be numerous individuals of the other sex who can make out an equally strong claim. These simple facts at once dispose of the pretence that any practicable scheme of compulsion can satisfy the principle of equality of sacrifice, as it is or might be satisfied under a voluntary system. The only difference in this respect between the so-called universal service of modern Germany or modern France and the systems which it superseded, is the (partial) elimination of one particular kind of inequality—namely, differentiation in favor of the rich against the poor. In this sense the change may be said to be democratic, though the universal freedom from compulsion, which we enjoyed from 1815 to March last, was much more so.

If, on the other hand, this "universal service" is to be credited with a democratic tendency for the reason that made it seem dangerous to the King of Prussia in 1793, namely that "a nation in arms" is likely to be less amenable to autocratic control, then I submit that, for the degree of "universality" which will satisfy this condition, compulsion is not in the least necessary. A quite sufficient proportion of the nation in arms to make despotism (or class rule) through a standing army unthinkable, had in fact been already secured by Lord Haldane's Territorial system.

But while arguing against Mr. Coulton's ideal of compulsory service as a noble and beneficent institution fit for permanent adoption, I must very explicitly dissociate myself from the aims and methods of the No-Conscription Fellowship, and from all attempts to obstruct the working of the Military Service Act now that it has become law. I have never disputed that cases might arise of such urgency that no considerations of equality of sacrifice ought to stand in the way of obtaining the largest possible number of recruits in the shortest possible time; and though not even yet thoroughly convinced that this degree of urgency has actually been reached, I deem it the duty of all good citizens to bow to the decision of the Government and of Parliament, and to do everything in their power to facilitate the smooth working of the measure.—Yours, &c.,

June 16th, 1916.

ROLAND K. WILSON.

THE LORD MAYOR AND RELIGIOUS UNITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—*THE NATION* rendered excellent service to Non-conformity when it opened the way for a ventilating correspondence on Mr. Shakespeare's scheme for a United Free Church. May I emphasize, in the attention of its readers, the enlargement of the subject afforded by the Lord Mayor's appeal for a United British Church? It was made through the medium of the "Daily Chronicle." The idea was to get the leaders of all the churches together at the Mansion House to discuss the possibility of a complete religious unity throughout the British Empire. It was inspired, in part, by the fear which Mr. Shakespeare shares, that, after the war, the choice for the churches will lie between unity and decadence—a fear not universally shared. But Sir Charles Wakefield's scheme obliterates the distinction which Mr. Shakespeare was perhaps bound to mark between the Church of England and Nonconformity. And that, I think, is a distinct strategic improvement. Especially is this the case if, as seems commonly agreed, the immediate possibility is not any instalment of re-union but a deeper, more widespread, and more practical spirit of religious unity. If, without any sacrifice of ecclesiastical principle, there can be set up a scheme for the systematic co-ordination of all Church activities for the common good, nothing could be gained by sharpening the line between the Church of England and the Free Churches. One's prayer is that the Lord Mayor's catholic and chivalrous plea will not be fruitless.—Yours, &c.,

J. EDWARD HARLOW.

90, Cheriton Road, Folkestone.

June 19th, 1916.

"OUR WANT IN EDUCATION."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It will be interesting to note whether the subject of education will elicit in your pages a correspondence as

full as that on the subject of the Conscientious Objector or as keen as that between MM. Loyson and Longuet. But one may doubt whether it will be so, since it is of vastly more importance than either.

The letters of your two correspondents this week raise some interesting questions, but I want, if you will allow me, to deal especially with two of them—the one in the letter from "Inspector of Schools," the other in that from Mr. John Case.

The second question which "Inspector of Schools" brings up is "How to supply an æsthetic or 'spiritual' atmosphere in the school." He would solve it by the introduction of a "school liturgy of beautiful music, poetry, and ceremonial, grouped around large moral ideas." This, undoubtedly, is a noble objective, but it suffers, like most other ambitions of educational reformers, in being too vague. What is "ceremonial," and what are "large moral ideas"? And, in any case, how does this differ in kind from the now-existent system in elementary schools? In the curriculum we now have music and poetry, we now have Empire Day celebrations. And yet they miserably fail in their object, which is, I suppose, to inculcate a power of æsthetic and artistic appreciation and a nobler spirit of patriotism. You do not make these things any more secure of consummation by having a "liturgy." I cannot see how a compendium is better than a free selection from a number of varying volumes.

No; the secret failure in this respect does not lie so much in the present subject-matter as in the manner of its presentation to the child. The average elementary school-boy, I imagine, is not vastly more interested in reeling off lines of Shakespeare or Byron than in gabbling through the twelve-times table. Why is this so? It is, I agree, due to the lack of a proper "atmosphere." But the root-cause of this shortcoming is to be found, not in the school, but in the training college. There is nothing in the training college system calculated to assist in the development of a more artistic atmosphere in the primary school. Young men and women enter these institutions straight from a slipshod course of preliminary education and training. A certain amount of knowledge is there presented, but not necessarily assimilated—much as one might pour water into a kettle with the lid on (as Thring said)—and the same process is carried on to the younger victims in the schools. Remedy this evil in the college, and *ipso facto*, you remedy it in the school. Let but the teacher be an "artist," and the "artistic atmosphere" is thereby created around his pupils. If I began to suggest how reforms are to be brought about, I should take up too much of your space. But I would point to one essential reform—namely, a greater respect for the teaching profession, financially and socially. Let it be made, by both salary and sympathy, to attract a larger and more promising body of recruits. Till a better status is offered by our governors for the teacher, we can make no headway.

The other point I take from Mr. Case's letter. In the course of it, your correspondent asks: "What shall we say of an educational system which leads to the sentiment that Germany's national hero is not Goethe or Schiller, nor Beethoven or Schumann, but Count Zeppelin?" Well, what dare we, Pharisees and hypocrites that we are, say of it? Does our educational system lead to the sentiment that Shakespeare or Milton or Shelley is our national hero? If Germany's present national hero is Count Zeppelin, ours is Lord Kitchener. If Germany's historical national hero is Frederick Barbarossa (as it is), ours is Henry V.

All this is a part of the contention between scientific and classical education. Art must meet science somewhere, and go hand in hand with it: otherwise art would be merely chaotic. Figure a poem without metre, or a picture without proportion and perspective! These are the scientific essentials of art. To read and appreciate "a highly-reasoned grammatical criticism of Shakespeare" is better than disregarding him completely, as by far the greater number of our people do. Ruskin, indeed, in "Sesame and Lilies," showed that that was the only way properly to appreciate great literary masterpieces. I thoroughly appreciate Mr. Case's distinction between the "feeling" side of the mind (affection) and the "intellectual" (cognition). But you cannot completely separate them. They must meet and blend in a harmony which is the basis of

true culture (in the proper sense of that word). But, be sure, sir, that as soon as we abandon the classical languages for Russian and German, as you appear to desire, we remove one of the fundamental stimuli to that high spirit of artistic and literary appreciation, that noble humanity without which we are degraded to the level of a sordid utilitarianism. Latin and Greek may supply a "formal discipline" which German and Russian can equally furnish. But that is not the great contribution of these languages to the sum of our spiritual possessions. Science may help us to "war down the proud," but, without the artistic quality which the classics help to give us, shall we "spare the subjected"?—Yours, &c.,

C. F. STRONG (Private),
6844 2/H.A.C., 3 Coy.

Orpington, Kent. June 20th, 1916.

A SEPARATE PEACE WITH TURKEY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I notice that it took my public challenge to call forth M. Longuet's opinion on the stop-the-war resolution of the I.L.P. conference. Although writing weekly on English affairs, he had much preferred to keep silent on this affair. And how meek and lowly his disapproval! After his constant eulogy, in French papers during the war, of the I.L.P.'s policy, why has he not dealt, in one of these French articles, severe blame to the I.L.P. for its deplorable decision in the face of this vital problem: whether we should fight on or yield, save the cause of democracy or make good the triumph of Prussianism? Again, since he writes to the "Labor Leader" on June the 1st, subsequently to the stop-the-war resolution, why doesn't he whisper in his letter the faintest word on this grave item, but rather quote with satisfaction such utterances as these: "*France's exhaustion . . . A war in which the young men are ordered to be slaughtered by the old people . . .*" thus giving stealthily encouragement to the "Labor Leader's" stop-the-war campaign? "I don't agree" with the I.L.P. . . . "I favor national defence," quotes M. Longuet, in THE NATION. What is the name for this proceeding, I ask?

After a reluctant answer to my first challenge, now a false answer to my second one. M. Longuet tells me that if I had "read the first issue of the minority's new weekly, 'Le Populaire International,' I would have found there a manifesto signed by twenty-seven members of the French Socialist Party." I had read the number; I have it here before my eyes; it contains no such list of names. So much for M. Longuet's "accuracy." That these gentlemen should side with him, and that their names may perhaps have appeared elsewhere, I am quite willing to believe, and thank him for the information. A most fruitful polemic this. But again I ask: Why doesn't this phantom minority take a stand in the full sunshine—I mean make a break from the Socialist Party in the Chamber, as did Haase's minority in the Reichstag? Shall Germans be franker than Franks? Nor are the motives of the German minority at all the same as those of the French minority. For Liebknecht screams out unceasingly that "the German Government is responsible for the war," whereas M. Longuet prefers to make a muddle of the origins. One, however, of M. Longuet's twenty-seven ghosts made an attempt at frankness in the Chamber on May 27th, when M. Raffin-Dugens spoke of "the two blocks of nations which had dashed at each other," thus hinting that the responsibility was wholesale. Whereupon there arose a tremendous protest from the House, and promptly the ghost faded into repentance, assuring that "Belgium and France had not attacked Germany." As for M. Longuet's arithmetic, à la Karl Marx, as opposed to my "patriotic arithmetic," I notice that when he boasts of having "the whole of the Socialist Party" on his side, he calls it "one hundred strong" (NATION, May 6th, p. 159, column 1). But when he wishes to convince us that his minority of thirty-three is "more than one-third of the party," he forthwith subtracts the deceased M.P.s, and brings down the party to "eighty-seven" (NATION, June 3rd, p. 288, column 1). Claim the dead also, Monsieur Longuet; your faction would grow to half the party, and the symbol would be appropriate.

Now I come to the main point in discussion: the fallacious motion of the minority at the recent Socialist Council,

a motion which M. Longuet's modesty will not prevent me from calling his own, its sham contriver, *Pressman*, lending it only a *Press-name*, and M. Longuet heralding it. The motion runs: "The National Council, informed of the efforts made by the citizen Camille Huysmans, on behalf of the international secretaryship, in order to obtain the resumption of the intercourse between the various sections" (i.e., with the whole German section: Sudekum, Scheidemann, Noske, und so weiter). To this over-bold assertion I repeat (and this time give the wording in French, since M. Longuet charges me with "misquotations") that Huysmans, the secretary, and Vandervelde, the president, of the International Bureau, have opposed a blank denial. Vandervelde wrote in the "Humanité" (April 9th, p. 1, column 5): "*Camille Huysmans et nous. . . sommes venus à Londres et à Paris, sur l'invitation de nos camarades Anglais et Français pour prendre contact avec eux. . .*" (not to "make efforts towards resumption of intercourse" with the German Socialists). And Huysmans answered in the "Petit Parisien" (March 25th, p. 1, column 6) when asked: "Quel est le but de votre voyage à Paris?"—"*Uniquement de me documenter sur l'opinion des Socialistes Français*" (not to "make efforts . . ." und so weiter). More so, those very "efforts" which M. Longuet's motion praises Huysmans for having made, Huysmans emphatically declares he did not make: "*La réunion du Bureau . . . est impossible en ce moment, et nous ne faisons rien personnellement pour la provoquer.*" And again, when asked: "Ne vous a-t-on pas accusé de chercher à amener ce rapprochement par-dessus la tête des organisations?" Huysmans answered: "*Ce sont là des calomnies dont je connais le but. Je sais d'où elles viennent et je les dédaigne!*" Here, then, I say, is the rotten spot on the fruit. Either Vandervelde and Huysmans on the one hand, or M. Longuet on the other, are not telling us the truth. I have challenged M. Longuet to make clear this point, and he has declined my challenge. He has even made his case worse. He writes in THE NATION of June 3rd that, according to Huysmans, out of the twenty-seven sections of the "Internationale," "one section alone, France, was opposed" to the meeting of the Bureau. Now Huysmans declares in the "Petit Parisien": "The meeting of the Bureau is accepted by the Germans and rejected by our sections of France and England." Why does M. Longuet allow himself to take over England to the German side of the "Internationale"? Camille Huysmans contradicts him. Worse still, M. Longuet has stated in THE NATION of June 3rd that, always, according to Huysmans, Socialist Belgium consented to the meeting of the Bureau! (p. 288, column 2, "including Belgium"). To this, with the utmost indignation, Vandervelde has given the lie in the "Humanité" of June 4th: "The German Socialists of the majority propose that we should resume our interrupted intercourse. Do they then think that we will seize their extended hand whilst their other hand lies in that of the Kaiser, which is stained with the blood of the Belgians and French?" ("alors que leur autre main est dans celle du Kaiser, teinte du sang des Belges et des Français"). It is precisely that German hand which the motion of M. Longuet urges that French Socialists should grasp! Lastly, Vandervelde points out that Belgian Socialists are at present impeded from expressing their opinion as to the meeting of the Bureau. Could they do so, Vandervelde is "personally convinced" that their answer would be No! And he quotes a magnificent letter from a Belgian Socialist, a prisoner at home behind the German barbed wires: "*The Belgian labor class is resolved to go through all the miseries, to bear all the sufferings rather than to have a German peace. . . . Don't imagine that you should hasten on our account. We do not ask for peace.*" As a "Jingo" writing in this "purely bourgeois" paper, what more have I said to M. Longuet in every one of my three letters?

M. Longuet has likewise declined my fourth challenge. In THE NATION of May 6th (p. 159, column 2), M. Longuet pretended that he had gone to Switzerland to meet the German Socialists "with the full agreement of all the French Socialist leaders." In THE NATION of June 3rd (p. 288, column 2) he only talks of "the authorized leaders of the French Socialist Party." M. Longuet is climbing down. Nor does he dare to assert, as I had defied him to do, that the foremost leaders of his party, namely, Guesde, Thomas, Sembat, and the great Vaillant, had given him their agree-

ment. Let him, I repeat, remember the stern and tragic language with which the patriot "communard," Vaillant, sentenced those friends of M. Longuet who had gone to prattle with the Germans in Zimmerwald. As to the names of the would-be "Socialist leaders" who sent M. Longuet on a similar journey to Switzerland, he is at a loss to produce them. I am too "curious," he remarks. Curious enough that M. Longuet, who stands as I do against secret diplomacy between nations in peace-time, should practise secret diplomacy with regard to German Socialists in war-time.

I trust that English Liberals will realize the full significance of this debate.—Yours, &c.,

PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON

(Former Editor of "Les Droits de l'Homme").

[This controversy is now closed.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

FOUR POEMS.

I.—BY THE BRINK OF WATER.

BLACK bog-mould,
The fledged green of young ferns,
And water covered with brooklime.

Water covered with brooklime—
The cup-bearers of Conaire
Thought that a drink
Worthy a high king.

II.—THE REVEALER.

Not by prayers, not by songs
Are men reborn,
But by sacrifice.
Sacrifice is the revealer:
We see all things clearly
In the glazed mirror of blood.

III.—NIGHT-PIECE.

The moon climbs and climbs,
Till it is no bigger
Than a moon-penny.

Darkness and the hills lie together
As in a bed,
Sleeping lovers.

IV.—AT A TIME OF GREAT WIND.

The hounds of the sky are out,
Giving fearful tongue:
The Black Hound of the North,
The Pale Hound of the West,
And, yoked together with chains
Of hammered findruine,
Ciar and Liath.
They are fiercest and loudest,
Leading with frothy jaws
And level, straining tails
The Purple Hound of the East.
Alod and Temin follow,
Bred in desolate hills
Between the East and the North;
And, snarling on their heels,
Bui and Derg and Glas
And Uaine, the whelps
Of the White Bitch of the South.

Stars and clouds and waters
Fly cowering before them,
But they are not the quarry.—
What is it they hunt
In the groaning wood of night!

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "My Days and Dreams: Being Autobiographical Notes." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Travels in the Middle East." By Captain T. C. Fowle. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Discovery: Or the Spirit and Service of Science." By R. A. Gregory. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
 "The War and the Soul." By the Rev. R. J. Campbell. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)
 "The Great Push: An Episode of the Great War." By Patrick Macgill. (Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Far-away Studies." By W. J. Locke. (Lane. 6s.)

* * *

EVERY age is certain that its own literary judgments are sounder than those of its predecessors, and has, at the same time, an unreasoning confidence in those of posterity. It forgets that there were men of taste and feeling in the past, and that posterity is not unlikely to be as careless and as prejudiced as ourselves. Almost the only certain statement one can make is that our verdicts differ from those of our fathers, and that our children, in their turn, will wonder at our blindness or our folly. I came upon a notable example of this mutability in Professor Lounsbury's book on Tennyson's earlier years, recently published by Mr. Humphrey Milford. If we take the twenty years between the death of Byron in 1824 and that of Campbell in 1844, we find that only one poet is remembered to-day who was given a high reputation by those of his contemporaries whose judgments carried weight, while even the name of by far the most popular poet of the period would now be forgotten if it were not for one slashing attack. These two men are Sir Henry Taylor and Robert Montgomery. Taylor won the praise of all the critics of standing, and he continues to be read by a select body of readers whose numbers seem neither to increase nor diminish. Montgomery was read by everybody, and he is now remembered only on account of Macaulay's review. Posterity, in the persons of ourselves, troubles little about either. It is still more indifferent to other poets who were welcomed with higher praise. In 1834, the year following the publication of Tennyson's second volume, "Fraser's Magazine," commenting on the poets of the day, spoke of an author who had written "one of the noblest poems with which modern genius has enriched our language and nation—perhaps the noblest poem since the days of Milton." What do you think it was? An epic entitled "The Judgment of the Flood," by John Abraham Heraud.

* * *

THERE is much in this to shake the most robust faith either in popular approval or the conclusions of critics. Here were Tennyson and Browning publishing their poems almost without notice, while the critics were busy praising Sir Henry Taylor, and the public buying edition after edition of Robert Montgomery. Taylor's case is particularly difficult to understand. It had what doctors would call the diathesis of literary immortality. Even the refusal of the masses to read his poems was a good omen, for no writer of genius is popular at first. Among the cultivated he was looked on as the leading poet of the younger generation. All the critical journals were full of admiration. Lockhart eulogized him in the "Quarterly," and such men as Wordsworth and Southey classed him as a great poet. "The best balanced mind—on the whole, nearest the perfect man of the ancients—of all I have ever known. His poem seems to me splendid," was John Sterling's verdict. Macready was so impressed by "Philip van Artevelde" that he produced it on the stage. "There is so much truth, philosophy, poetry, and beauty," he wrote, "combined with passion and descriptive power of no ordinary character, that I was obliged to lay the book down." Swinburne, too, wrote with appreciation of "the illustrious and venerable author of 'Philip van Artevelde,'" and as late as 1878 there appeared a collected edition of Taylor's works, on which the "Edinburgh" remarked that Taylor was "a genuine poet,

and perhaps the greatest master, since the days of Scott, of historical fiction."

* * *

It is worth noticing that while all the efforts of all the reviewers failed to make Sir Henry Taylor popular, an equal vehemence of denunciation did not succeed in lessening Robert Montgomery's vogue. "The Omnipresence of the Deity" appeared in January, 1828, when its author was twenty-one, and it had reached a seventh edition before the close of the year, and a twenty-sixth before its author's death. It is true that Macaulay attributed this success to a conspiracy of puffing, but Maunder, Montgomery's publisher, had little difficulty in showing that the charge was without foundation. On the contrary, Montgomery's popularity was won in the teeth of the best critical opinion. The "Athenæum" denounced him as "unpoetical, unlearned, unreasonable, and ungrammatical, with nothing positive about him but his arrogance and self-conceit." The "Quarterly," "Blackwood's," the "Monthly Review," and the "Westminster," all followed suit, while "Fraser's Magazine," with its usual virulence, dismissed him as a "rhyming monkey." Indeed, almost the only journals of standing that had a good word to say for Montgomery were the "Literary Gazette" and the "Gentleman's Magazine," the latter of which did not hesitate to declare that Montgomery's "language rises into a sublimity partaking of inspiration." In spite of what reviewers and critics could do, Montgomery enjoyed, until the day of his death, a favor with the reading public that has seldom been surpassed.

* * *

If any reader draws from these facts the conclusion that reviewers have no influence in the world of books, let me hasten to express my dissent. They are far from being autocrats, but they have a good deal of power. And, upon the whole, they deserve it. In their verdicts on Taylor and Montgomery, they may have been right in the first case, and they were undoubtedly so in the second. Those who disparage contemporary criticism should remember the difficulties of the task. To give a fair and just judgment on a work which requires the thorough familiarity that comes from frequent examination, is no easy matter. And this is what a reviewer has to do, often at short notice and under the pressure of haste. Indeed, the surprising thing is that reviewers of contemporary poetry are so often right. "There is no forming a true estimate," Wordsworth wrote, "of a volume of small poems by reading them all together; one stands in the way of the other. They must either be read a few at once, or the book must remain some time by one, before a judgment can be made of the quantity of thought and feeling and imagery it contains, and what variety of moods of mind it can either impart or is suited to."

* * *

IN an earlier paragraph, I mentioned the "Literary Gazette" as one of Montgomery's defenders. I should like to refer readers who wish to know something about other forgotten bards of the period to the "Autobiography" of its editor, William Jerdan. It was published in four volumes in 1852, and is not uncommon in the second-hand book-shops. The "Literary Gazette" was the first weekly journal devoted to literature, and it deserved a better editor. Jerdan occupied several editorial chairs in turn, and always with disastrous results. The "Sun," "Aurora," the "Morning Post," and the "Literary Gazette" all felt his blighting presence, but his "Autobiography" contains a good deal of out-of-the-way information about their conductors and contributors. His failures filled him with surprise. "I do not believe," he candidly states of his management of the "Morning Post," "that there is an instance of any journal sinking as rapidly in its circulation as the 'Post' did in consequence of my able and spirited articles. I am persuaded that the effects of my lucubrations were not only so potent, but so permanent, that the paper has not yet recovered its palmy condition and wide diffusion: that the work cost me great toil and trouble is a fact not to be disguised." His conduct of the "Literary Gazette" was less spirited. He kept it alive for over fifty years, and it was, for a time, the most influential literary weekly in England. "The 'Literary Gazette,'" Southey told a correspondent, "can do almost anything for the sale of a book." But about 1851 it was ousted by the "Athenæum." PENGUIN.

Reviews.

SOLDIERS' THOUGHTS ON WAR.

✓ "A Student in Arms." With an Introduction by J. ST. LOE STRACHEY. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

✓ "Action Front." By BOYD CABLE. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)

✓ "England's Effort." By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. With a Preface by the EARL OF ROSEBURY. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.)

He had been educated at Woolwich and Oxford, with one half of the world. Afterwards he had gone down into the wilderness of East London, to learn how the "other half" lives. Like many who attempt a similar adventure, he found the experience unsatisfying. He was always looking on, from outside, at an existence whose motive and intention and essential springs of action he was unable to determine. "All the time we had an uncomfortable feeling that we only knew a very small part of the lives and characters of the men whom we were studying. They came to our clubs and played games with us, until, suddenly, the more vital matter of sex took them elsewhere, and they were lost to us. They came to our rooms and talked football, but when we got to philosophy they merely listened. I think that we mystified them a little, and ultimately bored them." Then came the war, and the student of human nature became "A Student in Arms." He enlists as a private in "Kitchener's Army"; and finds himself no longer a denizen of another universe, but down at bed-rock reality with the very men whom he had found so enigmatic and detached in time of peace. He revels and delights in it all: and from his experience is born this remarkable volume of essays, which in the main are an attempt to estimate the metal and temper produced by the new fusion of classes in the furnace flame of war. "Some of us enlisted for glory, and some for fun, and a few for fear of starvation." "For the most part we are aggressively cheerful, and were never fitter in our lives. Some miss their glass of claret, others their fish and chips; but as we all sleep on the floor, and have only one suit, which is rapidly becoming very disreputable, you could never tell t'other from which." "The Soldier Anatomized" Mr. Strachey gives as an Elizabethan title to this book: and certainly at last the student has found opportunity really to know the curious and incalculable ways of men. One side of him entirely responds to the picture which has been so frequently painted, of the new soldier as much resembling the old: cheerful, grumbling, light-hearted, taking no thought for the morrow, stimulating himself with his melancholy or cheerful but always irrelevant songs, and his ready flow of chaff and ironical wit. This side of character has found its most satisfactory expression in Captain Bairnsfather's illuminating pictures, and there abides for all time. Imperturbable, slightly bored and disgusted, with an essential simplicity, accepting terrible experiences as all in the day's work, with an unflinching humor behind the ferocity of language and the mournful exterior, the "Out from Mons" veteran here stands secure, while the guns crash round him and the earth boils beneath his feet, and "our blinkin' parapet goes" again. But it is only one side, this writer protests, and a side perhaps too much emphasized, to the neglect of others as conspicuous and important. These figures with "low foreheads and bulgy eyes, 'tooth-brush' moustaches, and double chins," "blasphemously fed up," represent to him "the extreme reaction from the heroic." But the "heroic" is there also. "It will not be for nothing," he can claim, "that the volunteer who has served in the ranks of the first hundred thousand has learnt to endure hardship without making a song about it, that he has risked his life for righteousness' sake, that he has bound up the wounds of his mates, and shared with them his meagre rations." "The fighting man is a very ordinary person—that's granted: but he has shown that the ordinary person can rise to unexpected heights of generosity and self-sacrifice."

This "student" discusses—always with skill and insight—the testing of religion by the challenge of war and the realities of pain and death. He has words of importance to say to the Christian Churches, which he thinks are failing to respond adequately to this challenge. For he himself has found it necessary to re-examine honored and time-worn

formulas, and in some degree to re-shape his attitude towards the mysteries of existence. "In October and December the barrack-room has compelled him to try to define the place of religion in practical life. In February, 1915, he is contrasting religion with theology, to the disadvantage of the latter. In May and June death is teaching him the supreme truths." Some of these truths he sets down in a remarkable diary or "Book of Wisdom," in which the summaries and affirmations resemble those of Thoreau or the Statesman's Hand Book. His conclusion is of an almost mystical exaltation. Life thus tested in ultimate things, stripped of illusion and comfort, is found to be very good:—

"I have seen with the eyes of God. I have seen the naked souls of men, stripped of circumstance. Rank and reputation, wealth and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, manners and uncouthness, these I saw not. I saw the naked soul of man. I saw who were slaves and who were free: who were beasts and who men: who were contemptible and who honorable. I have seen with the eyes of God. I have seen the vanity of the temporal and the glory of the eternal. I have despised comfort and honored pain. I have understood the victory of the Cross. O Death where is thy sting? *Nunc Dimittis, Domine.* . . ."

Mr. Boyd Cable has followed his brilliant success in "Between the Lines" with a series of short sketches, each illustrative of some minor operation of the normal trench warfare at the front. Thus, in "Action Front," we are given in terms of flesh and blood and human emotion translation of such colorless phrases as "the enemy temporarily gained a footing in a portion of our trench, but in our counter-attack we re-took this and a part of enemy trench beyond"; or "yesterday one of the enemy's heavy guns was put out of action by our artillery"; or "during the night, only patrol and reconnoitring engagements of small consequence are reported." He is not uniformly successful. "As Others See," telling of the attempt of an English detachment to pass itself off as French, is frankly a fairy tale, although an amusing one; and "In Enemy Hands," relating how a Scottish private was maltreated by a German officer and in turn maltreated his tormentor, is a fairy tale also, and an unpleasant one. Far more effective are the records of the normal life in that "Long fight in the sodden fields"; the dirt and discomfort of it, cheerfully endured; the patient courage of the civil population behind the lines, under the cruel effect of bombardment from land and sky; the overcoming of the fear of fear; the conversion of a trembling conscript into something of a hero. The atmosphere, the very scent and noise of it, promiscuous struggles on dark nights in "No Man's Land," the smashing of a counter-attack, the wounded, the dead—all these Mr. Boyd Cable gives with sure touch in a record of a "kind of war" for which history gives no precedent. Here, for example, is the shelling of a wood through which the German attack is advancing:—

"The wood was a mark that no gun could miss; and surely no gun missed. What the scene in that wood must have been is beyond imagining and beyond telling! It was quickly shrouded in a pall of drifting smoke, and dimly through this the observing officers directing the fire of their guns could see clouds of leaves and twigs whirling and leaping under the lashing shrapnel, could see branches and smashed tree-trunks and great clods of earth and stone flying upward and outward from the blast of the lyddite shells. The wood was slashed to ribbons, rent and riddled to tatters, deluged from above with tearing blizzards of shrapnel bullets, scorched and riven with high-explosive shells. In the trenches our men cowered at first, listening in awe to the rushing whirlwinds of the shells' passage over their heads, the roar of the cannonade behind them, the crash and boom of the bursting shells in front, the shriek and whirr of flying splinters, the splintering crash of the shattering trees."

Mr. Boyd Cable is sincere and his work very readable, full of insight into the stark reality of war.

In "England's Effort" Mrs. Humphry Ward has attempted, in the form of a series of letters to an American friend, to reveal to the neutral looker-on something of the realities of a nation mobilized for war. In doing so, she has visited and described the Grand Fleet, the great munition factories and furnaces at home, the large supply bases and the actual firing-line at the front in France and Flanders. Writing with her accustomed ease and grace, she manages without difficulty to convey that impression of strength, courage, and implacable resolve which has been the spirit of the people since they were forced into an

unsought-for conflict. And in doing so she is enabled to dispel much of the nonsense concerning slackness and indifference and selfishness, which, as so widely preached by a section of our own press, has caused such injury to the prestige of England amongst so many foreign observers. She has no difficulty in showing an effort, amongst men and women alike, so gigantic in character and sustained in energy as to make all the echo of occasional strikes, grumbings, and social discontent to appear but as a very little thing. She goes to the employers themselves for testimony: and she finds these very employers liberal in praise. "What's wrong with the men?" cried a Glasgow employer indignantly to me, one winter evening, as, quite unknown the one to the other, we were nearing one of the towns on the Clyde; 'What was done on the Clyde, in the first months of the war, should never be forgotten by this country. Working from six to nine every day till they dropped with fatigue—and Sundays, too!—drinking just to keep themselves going—too tired to eat or sleep—that's what it was—I saw it!'" And if thus prepared to vindicate the men, her informants became almost lyrical in praise of the work of the women—the greatest discovery of the war. They are seen everywhere, prepared to violate all rules and regulations, and to sacrifice health and holiday, if only the work can be speeded up, and the necessary shells supplied to their fathers, brothers, and husbands oversea. "If I go down to the shed and say: 'Girls, there's a bit of work the Government are pushing for—they say they must have—can you get it done?' Why, they'll stay and get it done, and they pour out of the works laughing and singing. I can tell you of a factory near here where for nearly a year the women never had a holiday. They simply wouldn't take one. And what'll our men at the front do, if we go holiday-making?" In the Fleet Mrs. Ward found no vain-boasting, rather some recognition of the efficiency and skill of "Fritz," with the historic Naval acceptance of their opponents as "good fellows," and some regret that the war made their destruction inevitable:—

"Not a shade of boasting—no mere abuse of Germany—rather a quiet regret for the days when German and English naval men were friends throughout the harbors of the world. 'Von Spee was a very good fellow—I knew him well—and his two sons who went down with him,' says an Admiral gently. 'I was at Kiel the month before the war. I know that many of their men must loathe the work they are set to do.' 'The point is,' said a younger man, broad-shouldered, with the strong face of a leader, 'that they are always fouling the seas, and we are always clearing them up. Let the neutrals understand that.' It is not we who strew the open waters with mines for the slaughter of any passing ship, and then call it 'maintaining the freedom of the seas.'"

Finally, Mrs. Ward finds the consummation of all that immense effort at home, in the vast apparatus of supply and repair which has changed the surface of Northern France, and in that far-flung battle-line which she can survey from a little hill on a winter's day, seeing in names that already sound like a trumpet, the glory and sepulchre of a hundred thousand dead. "Half the famous sites of the earlier war can be dimly made out between us and Ypres. In front of us is the gleam of the Zillebeke Lake, beyond it Hooge. Hill 60 is in that band of shadow; and little further east the point where the Prussian Guard was mown down at the close of the first battle of Ypres. . . . If you turn south, you are looking over the belfry of Bailloul, towards Neuve Chapelle and Festubert, and all the fierce fighting ground round Souchez and the Labyrinth." "A place of pride and remembrance for all future time," Mrs. Ward pronounces this mute witness of heroism and sacrifice: woods and fields and villages transfigured by such deeds as those of the dead, with whose narration she concludes an inspiring little volume. "Great Britain has no choice now but to fight to the end—and win. She knows it; and those who count upon her wavering are living in a blind world."

A NEW NORWEGIAN DRAMATIST.

"**En Racekamp.**" Skuespil i 3 Akter. ("A Race-Feud," Play in Three Acts.) By BERNT LIE. (Christiania: H. Aschehoug. Kr. 3.35.)

BERNT LIE's three-act drama, "**En Racekamp**," is the most Ibsen-like play that has appeared in Norway since "**When**

We Dead Awaken." That does not necessarily mean that it is the best play, but only that in its technical methods, and in its fascinating, somewhat uncanny, effect, it recalls the touch of a vanished hand. There is an element of melodrama in it, since it deals with that most melodramatic of themes, a long-drawn, lingering, implacable revenge. But it is because this passion is primitive that we now class it as melodramatic; and here we see it working precisely in a primitive, half-savage soul. It is an essential part, in fact, of the study in race-psychology which the author proposed to himself.

The scene is laid in the far north of Norway, in that land of Arctic splendor and Arctic gloom which Jonas Lie interpreted so exquisitely in "**Den Fremsynte**," and for which his nephew has a no less intimate feeling. A family named Skram has for generations owned a mountain containing great veins of copper. The place is very lonely—"The North Pole is our nearest neighbor," says someone—and the Skram family has always been, as it were, an Aryan outpost in Turanian territory, for the natives of the district are all Finns. The grandfather of the present owner was a man of tremendous physical and mental power, who ruled his principality with a rod of iron. In his day the mines were worked with English capital, and Great Peter, as he was called, used to keep open house for English and French visitors, living in luxury and profusion, and paying small heed to laws or ordinances, human or divine. On his death, everything went to ruin; but now his grandson and namesake, Peter Skram the second, after a wandering youth, has returned to the old manor-house of Pingis, determined to reopen the works, and to revive the glories, but not the scandals, of his grandfather's reign.

He has married a wife, Ingeborg, whom, when the curtain rises, we find alone upon the scene. She is startled by the noiseless entrance of an old Finn, Marja-Nilas, her husband's henchman and factotum. It is evident that she has a nervous dread of this man, who finds a grim satisfaction in talking to her of skeletons in the family cupboard, little calculated to make her feel at ease in that lonely spot, even with the glories of the Arctic summer around her. Presently her husband enters, along with an engineer, Kristian Sending, who has come as an emissary from the southern capitalists who are going to finance the resuscitated mine. The two men have been inspecting the great stores of costly furniture and household goods—a veritable museum—remaining from the days of Great Peter. His grandson enlarges on the legend of those days of wantonness and riot, and tells of the retribution that followed upon them:—

SKRAM: In the years since my return, I have investigated every corner of the mountain and of the workings, and have come upon one incredible thing after another. . . . It seems as if a sort of madness had overtaken them—a devilish madness. Time after time, they have stopped working the richest veins of ore, and struck out new galleries in the rock—galleries that led nowhere and to nothing. It seems as if some malignant spirit had taken the lead, a devil or a madman, and fooled them at every turn. And at last they stopped the whole thing because they found no ore where there was no ore to be found, while it was awaiting them in untold abundance where they turned away from it. . . . There was sin at the root of the matter.

SENDING: Sin—?

SKRAM: It has grown clearer to me day by day, like an evil text to the whole melancholy picture: . . . the men who ran the enterprise, my grandfather and his English associates—they were hated by their workmen. They themselves did not dream of it, had not the slightest suspicion. That is why they saw nothing, and were, little by little, betrayed by their men—betrayed and brought to ruin.

Yes, Mr. Sending, it is my firm conviction that, in the last years of the enterprise, there was calculated and systematic villainy at work—favored by gross neglect of duty on the part of the management.

SENDING: But—your grandfather—?

SKRAM: He seems to have grown senile.

SENDING: But I thought you said that your father—?

SKRAM: My poor father died in an asylum. . . . I tell you there was burning hatred among the workmen. And when one sees the beds these gentlemen slept in and the styes that they thought good enough for their laborers over at the barracks—when one thinks of the Christmas revelry down here, the champagne, and the ladies, and the dancing, and the multitude of lamps flaming out into the black winter night—and then over there, in the miserable, filthy, stinking

barracks, no light but that of burning hatred in the eyes that glared from every window and loop-hole . . . one understands the slow, secret, relentless vengeance that worked itself out in the bowels of the mountain.

In future all is to be different, and Skram is full of hope and confidence. He does not see how the loneliness and eeriness of the place and its associations are weighing upon the spirits of Ingeborg, whose pent-up anguish finds vent in a scene with Sending, a friend, and, indeed, a lover, of her girlhood.

Meanwhile Skram is surprised by a visit from the governor of the province. He has come in response to a letter which he believed to proceed from Skram himself, but which was actually written by Vaibi-Mattis, a Finn school-master and religious fanatic. The second act is largely occupied with a parley between the Governor and this man, who comes at the head of all the Finn-folk of the district to assert the ancient property of his race in the mountain, and to demand that it shall be left in peace, not given over once more to the abomination of iniquity as it was in the days of Great Peter. The scene is an admirably dramatic one. It would be difficult to name a finer picture of the workings of ironclad fanaticism. The Governor every now and then puts in a few words as to law, civilization, progress, the paternal solicitude of the Government for the welfare of the Finns. Vaibi-Mattis hears him out, and then proceeds with his harangue as though he had heard not a word, expressing conceptions of the Stone Age in language borrowed from the Old Testament. Skram is infuriated by this episode, and comes near to assaulting Vaibi-Mattis. He cannot understand the absence of his faithful friend and lieutenant, Marja-Nilas, who usually conducts all negotiations between the ruling race and his brother Finns.

The third act takes place in a cavern in the mountain, known as the Great Hall. It is about to be blown up with dynamite as a first move towards the resumption of mining operations; and meanwhile the whole party from the manor-house comes up to inspect it. Here occurs a short scene between Ingeborg and Sending, from which it appears that she cannot resist the lure of old times and the homely, kindly life of the Southland, which speaks to her in him. Old Marja-Nilas, hovering noiselessly around, sees with malign joy how matters are shaping between these two, and shows them the way to a sort of oasis in the barren hillside which has been famous of old as a rendezvous of lovers. Then ensues the culminating scene of the play, between Marja-Nilas and Skram. The crafty old savage, in whose fidelity Skram has placed unbounded confidence, at last throws off the mask. He was in his youth the devoted slave of Skram's grandfather, Great Peter, until that unscrupulous despot robbed him of the woman he loved. Since then he has given his whole life to revenge. He it was who drove Great Peter's son out of his senses, by filling his weak mind with heathen superstitions, till he thought the mountain contained the buried treasure of a fabulous Finnish king. He it was who made chaos of the workings and brought the company to ruin. It is he who has stirred up the Finn-folk to resist the re-opening of the mine; and, to crown his life-work, he now leads Skram to a gap in the cavern-wall whence he can see Ingeborg and Sending, and realize that she is lost to him. A struggle ensues between the tormentor and his victim, a lantern is upset, the fuse is fired, and a great explosion shatters the cavern-walls and puts an end to that particular phase of the race-feud.

It is impossible to convey in narrative any sense of the delicate skill with which the tragedy is made to unfold itself from scene to scene. The resemblance to Ibsen is unmistakable. Here, as in "Ghosts," "Rosmersholm," and "The Master Builder," the action consists in the withdrawing of veil after veil from the past; and when the last veil is lifted, nothing remains but the catastrophe. Once more the extraordinary effectiveness of this method is demonstrated—the way in which it keeps our attention on the stretch, wondering, and seeking to divine, what is next to be revealed. Nor is the imagination at work in the whole laying-out and building-up of the play, of quite un-Ibsenlike quality. Bernt Lie has hitherto been known almost exclusively as a novelist, but his dramatic vein is evidently well worth developing.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE IDEAS OF TREITSCHKE.

"Politics." By H. VON TREITSCHKE. Translated from the German by BLANCHE DUGDALE and TORBEN DE BILLE. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR. (Constable. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

THE reviewer of these volumes is almost absolved from the task of criticizing the author by the cleverly-written preface in which Mr. Balfour neatly punctures Treitschke's most inflated pretensions. Indeed, the "political philosophy" of Treitschke does not exist to be reasoned with, but either to be accepted or to be fought. There is, however, a preliminary to be chosen which is that it should be understood, and it is well that English readers should have the opportunity here offered them of understanding a book which even in the original has not hitherto been particularly easy to obtain in England. The importance of Treitschke is not that he contributes any valuable ideas to political thought, but that he expresses nakedly and with great vehemence the doctrine of power which is the basis of the Prussian State, and is the philosophy—if we may call that which is the negation of reason and justice a philosophy—underlying the present war. The vogue of Bernhardt in this country was, no doubt, greater than his importance merited. It was unfair to Germany to take him as her representative. But of the reality and extent of the influence of Treitschke there is no doubt. His influence was certainly not due to any power of acute analysis or connected or even consistent thinking. His "Politik" is rather a series of rhapsodies and dogmas, unsupported by evidence or argument, and not seldom inconsistent with one another. We are driven to infer that his power was due to the accuracy with which he represented the mental trend among the educated classes in Germany, and this makes it of all the more importance to study the man himself.

Treitschke is misunderstood if he is thought of as a cynic or a materialist. He is, after his own fashion, both a sentimentalist and an idealist. But his ideal is, above everything, power, and power especially in connection with the State and the externals of life. Materialism suggests softness, ease, luxury, pleasure. There is little room for these in Treitschke. It is, on the contrary, a hard and gloomy, almost a savage picture of human nature and human destiny that he presents to us. He preaches a kind of asceticism, but not the asceticism of the saint brightened by the beatific vision of another world to be won by renunciation here. It is rather the asceticism of the camp, the hard drive of austere taskmasters, themselves pressed to the utmost to maintain themselves in the struggle always going on silently, if not openly, with other nations. War is, in fine, the central doctrine of Treitschke, towards which everything converges, from which everything derives. War, he recognized, would become rarer, though if he had lived he might have been consoled by finding that what it loses in frequency it makes up in scale. But the good God would see to it that this dreadful medicine never failed humanity. What is it all for? we ask in vain. But one should not put questions to the superior officer. There are no fundamentals in Treitschke—when any are assumed they are carelessly stated, and as likely as not contradicted. He needs no fundamentals, for he is simply expressing an autocratic will. The millions must be ploughmen and sweaters and cobblers in order that the thousands may paint and write and research. It must be so, and no questions are to be asked. The millions must just do what they are told. It is easy to pick holes in the successive attempts to frame a rational theory of democracy and liberty. But, at any rate, the democratic interests have reasoned. They are open to confutation by argument because they argue. But Treitschke is seldom on the plane of argument. He orders, and not infrequently he shouts.

Nevertheless, there are glimpses of another order of things in Treitschke. Like many reactionaries, he began as a Liberal, and knew his Mill. The influence remained with him in this—that he restricts the power of the State to externals. The individual owes outward obedience, but no more. The State exacts outward obedience, but no more. There is an inward range of belief, of conscience, of imagination, of personal affection, that has nothing to do with the State, and with which the State is not to interfere. Treitschke has our sympathy when he protests

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against the Hegelian identification of the State with the entire social life of man. As between the two doctrines, the one of the entire subordination of the man to the State, which is conceived as incorporating the practical ideal, and the other which identifies the State with power but leaves the individual free, it is difficult to say which is the more noxious. Hegel's is the subtler poison. It destroys liberty, not by fighting it in the open, but by identifying it with law. It destroys the morality of the State, not by repudiating it, but by making the State its own judge. It opposes rational criticism of State institutions, not by rejecting reason, but by assuming a higher reason in the unconscious development of institutions than in the reflective criticism which seeks to reduce them from consistent principles. For all these reasons Hegel will live longer and serve the needs of reaction more effectively. But Treitschke was the man wanted by the Bismarckian era, and still more by its children. The method of the bludgeon appealed to them rather than that of the rapier.

At any rate, he who reads Treitschke learns a good deal of what Germany means, and of what a German victory would mean. As against this theory of life we are, as Mr. Balfour says, in his preface, all of us Liberals. A completely different scheme of life underlies our constitution and forms the background of our thought. Whether we are Conservatives, Liberals, or Socialists in our party terminology, certain things, not really formulated, perhaps, but clear enough as antitheses to all that Treitschke teaches, are our common property and heritage, so that we do not dispute about them. To vindicate these things is now our common task.

L. T. HOBHOUSE.

SUPER-CONSCIOUSNESS.

"Julius Le Vallon." By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Cassell. 6s.)

"How Jonas Found his Enemy." By GREVILLE MACDONALD. (Constable. 6s.)

"The Luck of the Strong." By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON. (Nash. 6s.)

"Fondie." By EDWARD C. BOOTH. (Duckworth. 6s.)

It is curious to find a fortuitous collection of novels dealing, if in greater or less degree and from very different angles of consciousness, with the supernatural. Curious in the simultaneity rather than the occasion. For modern literature is without doubt turning its mind more and more acutely towards the symbolism and significance of ultra-consciousness. The direction is, of course, tentative at present. The interest for us, indeed, lies just in this tentativeness. Is it the germ of a new-old religion which, reacting against the waning force of individual and national materialism, is going to make a serious attempt to fuse the by no means incompatible and irreconcilable symbols of Paganism and Christianity? Of one thing we may be sure. Science has already accepted spiritual implications to its bolder researches and discoveries. The sterility and confusion of contemporary literature can only be temporary. There are already symptoms, for instance, of a new feeling towards the seventeenth century, the age of mystical exploration, which is more acceptable to the modern understanding than the medieval. Will, in fact, a potential religious revival correspond with, actuate, or depend upon a revival of literature? Such questions are speculative enough, but they are not to be ignored.

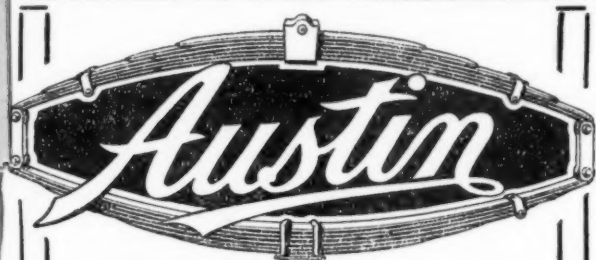
In "Julius Le Vallon" Mr. Blackwood has ventured on even more extensive terrain of "subliminal" experience than hitherto. His conception of consciousness (largely founded on the works of E. D. Fawcett, G. R. S. Mead, and J. M'Taggart) is of the continuity of life in "sections," of the subconscious self evoking memories of pre-existence, and of natural and elemental forces (particularly wind and fire) being endowed with sentience and intelligence, and, given certain conditions and a psychical intensity of perception, controllable by man. Mr. Blackwood has attempted to weave these three strands of thought into the fabric of his story, by making Julius, his wife, and the teller of the narrative, Professor Mason, concerned in a mutual memory of a previous planetary existence in which two of them had

tampered with the forces of wind and fire for interested ends. Julius, the most spiritual partner of the trio, finally expiates his fault with his life. It cannot be said that Mr. Blackwood has been very successful in his ambitious task. The human psychology is negligible, and the subconscious too insubstantially and chaotically expressed for a very clear "motivation" (as the Americans say) of his subject. There are too many "elusive and ghostly sensations," "dim, yet haunting as a dream," for a co-ordination of the human and psychical relations. We cannot but contrast "Julius Le Vallon" with Mr. Marriott's "Davenport," a book with a somewhat similar theme, to the former's disadvantage. Mr. Marriott combined concrete presentment with a delicacy of treatment and a mastery of analysis which went a good deal further than Mr. Blackwood's adventurous but rather blurred outlines. Still, it is an interesting book, with rather too many dull patches.

"How Jonas Found his Enemy" is a wild, confused, badly constructed and strenuously sincere tale of mid-Victorian village life in the South Downs. Jonas Culpepper is a young shepherd whose marriage with Susan Hurdin incurs the enmity of Ebenezer Hodman, the village constable. Hodman exerts every energy and influence to injure Jonas, hangs his beloved sheepdog, and gets him sent to prison for poaching. Jonas gets prison-fever, from which he never entirely recovers, and in the throes of which he has visions or trances of a mystical existence with a "Hermit" and the ghost of his dog as his guides. These psychic pilgrimages are none too coherently related, and Mr. Macdonald sharply severs them from the earthly routine of his story. Indeed, they might be deleted without any detriment to the book—rather a gain in order and precision. For the sketches of Jonas, Ebenezer, Susan, Mrs. Gayson, the vicar's wife, and the grimly malicious, slovenly Farmer Beck are exceptionally pointed, fresh, and convincing. Fantasy mixes incongruously with these simple, forcible portraits, like wings attached to a smock.

Mr. Hodgson's dealings with the supernatural are of a very different order. As Lamb (with another artistic intent) said of Webster's famous dirge, they are "of the earth, earthy," or, as they have to do with the sea (as he said of "Full fathoms five") are "of the water, watery." "The Luck of the Strong" is a series of short stories, with the eccentric Captain Jat of the "Gallat" and D. C. O. Cargunka of the "Laughing Sally" as the principal adventurers. Captain Jat has terrific experiences on an island with the "Ud" or devil-women, with dogs as large as donkeys and priests who run on all fours and eat human flesh. Cargunka has battles under sea with a madman; and another story is about a stone ship manned by stone men, whose red hair grows "wisibly." Like Mrs. Radcliffe of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," Mr. Hodgson is careful to explain away the supernatural by natural causes. The tales are lively and ingenious, and a plausible, if rather obvious, attempt to exploit the grotesque.

Except in its last few pages, which are a gentle panegyric of future existence, "Fondie" has nothing to do with what Mr. Blackwood calls "the other places." It is another story, also cumbrously constructed and over-stuffed with superfluous matter, of village life—Whivvie in Yorkshire. Fondie is the son of the wheelwright, who bears the devotion of a simple, thoughtful, and altruist disposition towards Blanche, the exuberant daughter of the feckless vicar. Blanche is seduced by one of the young gentry, and drowns herself, repudiating, from a mistaken sense of sacrifice, the offer of Fondie, whom she has despised, to marry her. The sketches of village life are more laborious and over-decorated than those of Mr. Macdonald, though no whit less sincere. The treatment, indeed, is altogether too copious for the material, and the book might, without loss, have been considerably shortened. The touches of social satire are good, though here again Mr. Booth has been painting the lily. It is a book of potential rather than realized qualities.



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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

✓ "Sport, Travel, and Adventure." Edited by A. G. LEWIS.
(Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. LEWIS has compiled an excellent collection of tales of adventure from the exploits of famous sportsmen and explorers. It is, indeed, surprising that books of this type are not commoner, for it is difficult to keep up with all that is written nowadays about remote lands, and there is a wealth of fascinating material in the writers from whom Mr. Lewis has borrowed. They take the reader into every land that man has penetrated, from the Arctic and Antarctic regions to the forests of pygmies and cannibals in Central Africa and the mountain peaks of the Alps and Himalayas. In fact, nothing escapes Mr. Lewis's net. He even has a chapter of adventures on the highway, which includes an account of some of the experiences of Mr. Harry A. Franck, an American, who accomplished the feat of travelling round the world without money, weapons, or baggage. For readers who have not a great deal of time to spend on the modern literature of travel there could hardly be anything better than Mr. Lewis's book.

* * *

"The Balkans: A History." (Clarendon Press. 5s. net.)

THIS is the second of the series of histories of the belligerent Powers, published by the Clarendon Press. It treats of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, and Turkey; the history of the first two of these countries is by Mr. Nevill Forbes, Greece is allotted to Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee, Rumania to Mr. D. Mitrany, and Turkey to Mr. D. G. Hogarth. The chapters on Bulgaria and Serbia were written before Bulgaria entered the field against the Allies, and Mr. Hogarth explains that though all the writers have tried to remember that each of the Balkan peoples has a case, it has been difficult to write about them in existing circumstances with complete detachment. The names of the authors are, however, a sufficient guarantee that something more than partisanship would be found in the volume. It is open to the objection that it contains a series of independent essays, but it is certain to be of great value to those who wish to have a history of the Balkan peoples in not too large a space.

The Week in the City.

THIS has been a depressing week for the City, and the Stock Exchange has suffered from a good deal of liquidation. The decline has been led by Consols, and shows how very little effect the Russian successes have upon the minds of investors. It may, however, be noted as a rather remarkable fact that the price of Consols is even now higher than the 57 to which our premier security fell last November on the removal of minimum prices. The question whether there will be a further heavy fall in first-class securities depends partly upon whether the market abandons its expectations of an early peace and partly whether the American campaign for the pacification of Mexico develops into a serious war. If there were no war in Europe, and the Allies were less dependent upon the bankers and munition workers of the United States, President Wilson's intervention in Mexico would have been very welcome, both in London and Paris, as a means of restoring order in a country which has absorbed so much British and French capital. But, under

present circumstances, serious trouble in Mexico is deplored, as likely to hamper our operations in the coming months. The slump in American Stocks is a natural and regrettable concomitant of the Mexican crisis; for if it comes to war the Government of the United States will want all the floating money it can lay hands on.

SHORT TERM WAR ISSUES.

The constantly changing arrangements with regard to the payment of income-tax on Government issues is causing a great deal of uncertainty in the minds of investors, and makes the question of net yield anything but a clear one. The Five-year War Savings Certificates, for instance, are entirely free of income-tax, and yield 5.2 per cent. Originally these certificates were restricted to those whose incomes did not exceed £300 a year. The privilege was gradually extended, and finally the restriction was abolished entirely, no one, however, being allowed to hold more than £500 worth. Then there are the Two-year Treasury War Expenditure Certificates, issued at 90. Here the gross yield is 5.4 per cent. Tax cannot be deducted at the source, and, as with Treasury Bills, there is therefore opportunity for evasion. The tax on interest from the new series of Exchequer Bonds which opened at the beginning of this month is not deducted at the source, but is assessed at the rate applicable to the holder's income. The gross yield on the Exchequer Bonds is 5.1 per cent. Allowing for tax at 5s. in the £, it is 3.85 per cent., and at 2s. 6d. in the £ it is 4.5 per cent.

THE EBBW VALE COMPANY'S PROFITS.

The report for the past financial year of the Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron, and Coal Company records much better results than those disclosed in the previous report. In April, 1914, there was a stoppage of work, and the iron and steel departments were at a standstill for four and a-half months. This, coupled with the dislocation caused by the outbreak of war, caused a serious diminution in the output. The new report tells a very different story. The whole of the works and collieries have been fully occupied during the year, and as a result gross profits have risen to £354,209, as compared with £263,861 for the previous year, while net profits amount to £167,699, as against £64,428. A year ago £37,615 had to be deducted from gross profits for loss by stoppage of the works. On the debit side of the profit and loss account an item which does not appear this year was £22,500 for bad debt reserve. War allowances, however, are this time more than doubled at £46,216, while expenditure on new work takes £21,568. The ordinary dividend is raised from 7½ to 12½ per cent., the highest rate for many years, and after placing £50,000 to reserve, the balance carried forward is increased by £20,000, at £29,266. Application was made to the Treasury for permission to issue £200,000 of the additional £400,000 ordinary share capital sanctioned by the shareholders last year. Authority was given for only £40,000, which amount the directors did not consider worth while to offer for subscription, and sufficient funds were evidently obtained from the bankers.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.

A very strong position is shown by the London Life Association's annual report. During the past three years securities have been written down by £230,000 out of income, and further provision for depreciation has been made by transferring £359,022 from the reserve of £2,551,368 to certain specific funds. New net life business amounted during the year to over half a million, while there was an increase in the funds of nearly £80,000, truly remarkable figures for a complete year of war.

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